MIAMI INDIAN STORIES

CHIEF CLARENCE GODFROY

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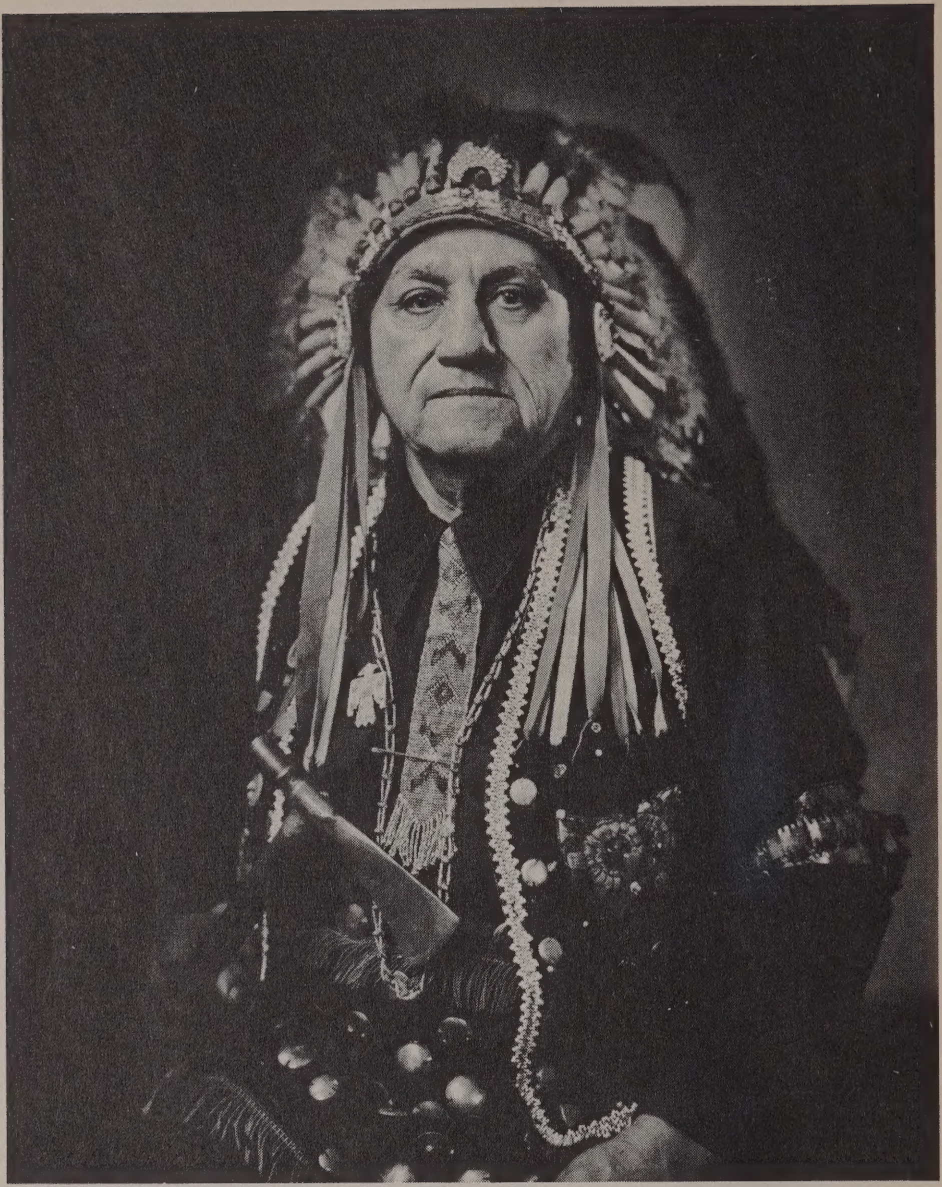

Chief Clarence Godfroy

Miami Indian Stories

told by

CHIEF CLARENCE GODFROY
Ka-pah-pwah
(Great-great-grandson of Frances Slocum)

Compiled and Edited by
Martha Una McClurg

LIGHT AND LIFE PRESS
Winona Lake, Indiana
1961

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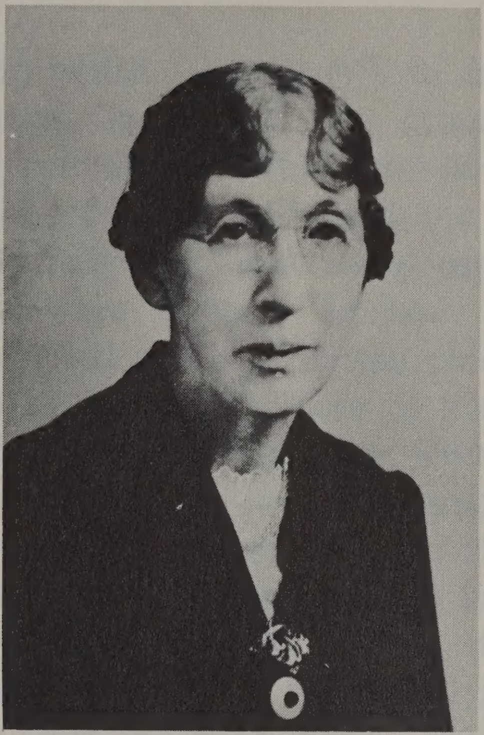

To The Memory of Mary Clarke Godfroy
Wife of
Chief Clarence Godfroy
Whose industry
and enthusiasm
inspired the writing
of this book

FOREWORD

The area in which I live is rich in Indian lore. Chief Clarence Godfroy of the Miami Indians lives in this community. The chief is the great-great-grandson of Frances Slocum, the white girl from Pennsylvania who was taken captive by a group of Delaware Indians. In later years this stolen girl married a Miami Indian chief and became known as the "White Rose of the Miamis."

My grandfather, Zimri Rennaker, lived as a very close neighbor to the local Indians during his youth and early manhood. Occasionally he rode to the mill with an Indian to help him get honest payment for his grain. He played with the sons of Meshingomesia, the chief of the Miami group who pulled away from the main tribe. This group of Indians located south of La Fontaine, Indiana.

My father, the late Rev. Isaac Ferguson (Gus) Thompson, was a minister of the Christian Church and he performed the wedding ceremonies which united several Indian maidens and braves in marriage. The Indians had never seen nor had ever heard of multiple births and when my twin sister and I were born the Indians were quite curious and amazed. In fact, they were so impressed by the event that they wanted to give us Indian names. With the consent of my parents I received the name of Una which means "White Swan" and my sister was given the name of Newanna meaning "Singing Bird." Due to the close association of my family with members of the Miami tribe I became interested in the lore of the tribe.

The Miamis originally lived in villages, had a rude code of morals and law, cultivated the ground to some extent, and owned several horses and cattle. They were not easily excited to arms, but when once aroused, their treachery and ferocity knew no bounds. Under the steady wave of civilization westward, the Miami Indians could not long remain in their sylvan solitude. The eastern margin of their happy hunting ground was continuously pushed farther west. In 1840 the Miamis relinquished all their rights to their lands in Indiana, except specific reservations, and were taken out west in 1847. Much ill feeling was aroused by the action of the government in showing favoritism toward certain leaders of the tribe including the families of Godfroy and Meshingomesia. These families were allowed to retain their lands and Chief Clarence Godfroy still owns and lives on forty-eight acres of this original land grant.

Chief Clarence Godfroy, though not a full-blooded Indian, is completely Indian in character. His great-grandfather, Francis Godfroy, was the last War Chief of the Miamis who not only made their home in the Wabash Valley, but claimed sovereignty over all of Indiana.

Chief Godfroy expresses the idea that many of the Miami Indians feel they have not received justice from the white man. Mr. Godfroy says that even history is but the white man's perversion of truth, and the legends preserved among the Indians breathe bitterly of the wrongs done them in the early wars, wrongs that have never been chronicled.

Along the beautiful Mississinewa River from its union with the Wabash River to the Mississinewa Battleground, linger the sorry remnants of a tribe that once ranked among the noblest of the North American savages. As one makes his way up this romantic stream, so long loved by the Indian, he finds them here and there often with a skin more or less Caucasian, but always with the unmistakable, fine, dark Indian eye, which has in it something of the eagle. One notable thing is the persistence of the Indian instincts. Despite the liberal admixture of the white man's blood Clarence Godfroy and his brothers are skilled in the bow and arrow, and, perched in some treetop overhanging the river have killed many fish with their deadly arrows.

Chief Godfroy has not allowed the melodious Miami language or the Indian customs to be forgotten. Several times I have gone to his home for help and have found him only too willing to give his assistance. The chief married a white lady who taught school for several years in the public schools of Miami County, Indiana. Throughout her married life Mrs. Godfroy listened to her husband narrate the various Indian stories concerning the traditions and customs of his people. I agreed, at Mrs. Godfroy's request, to record these stories in a permanent form to be perserved for future use. It is hoped that this material will help keep the Miami heritage alive. Many of these stories have been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another, going back to the generation of Frances Slocum and her descendants.

This book is an attempt to preserve for future generations of all races of peoples the many interesting stories, traditions, legends, and beliefs of the Miami Indians. Through the cooperation of Chief Clarence Godfroy and his late wife, Mary, I have been able to compile the stories published in this book.

Martha Una McClurg

"Ye say they have all passed away,
  That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
  From the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
  There rings no hunter's shout,
But their names are on our waters
  And ye cannot wash them out."

Mrs. Sigourney

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The author wishes to express her appreciation to the following persons for their kind and helpful cooperation in the publishing of the book:

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L. W. Shultz of North Manchester, Indiana, who has given valuable information in the collection and compilation of the material. Also, special thanks must be given to him for his assistance in the publishing of the book.

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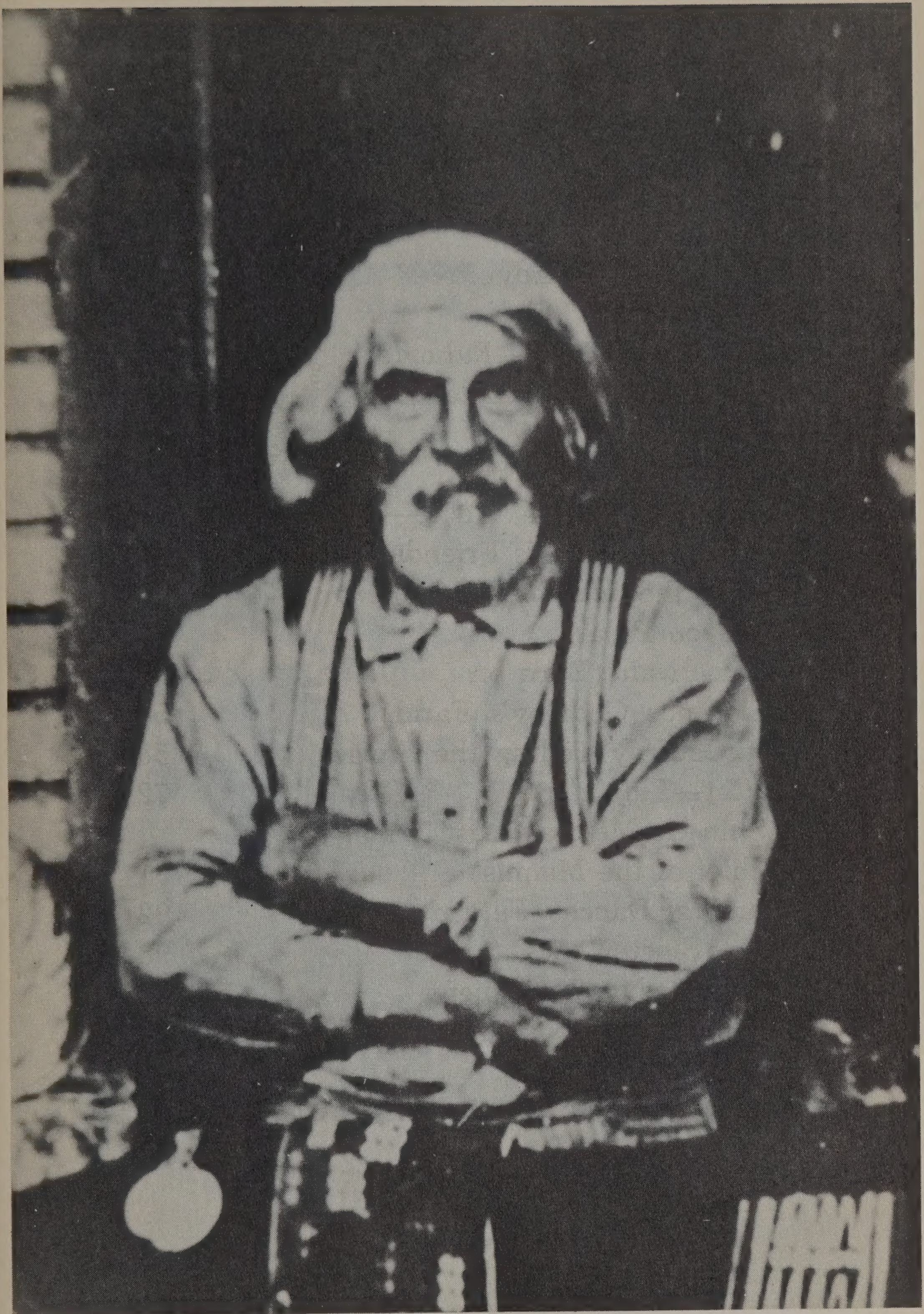
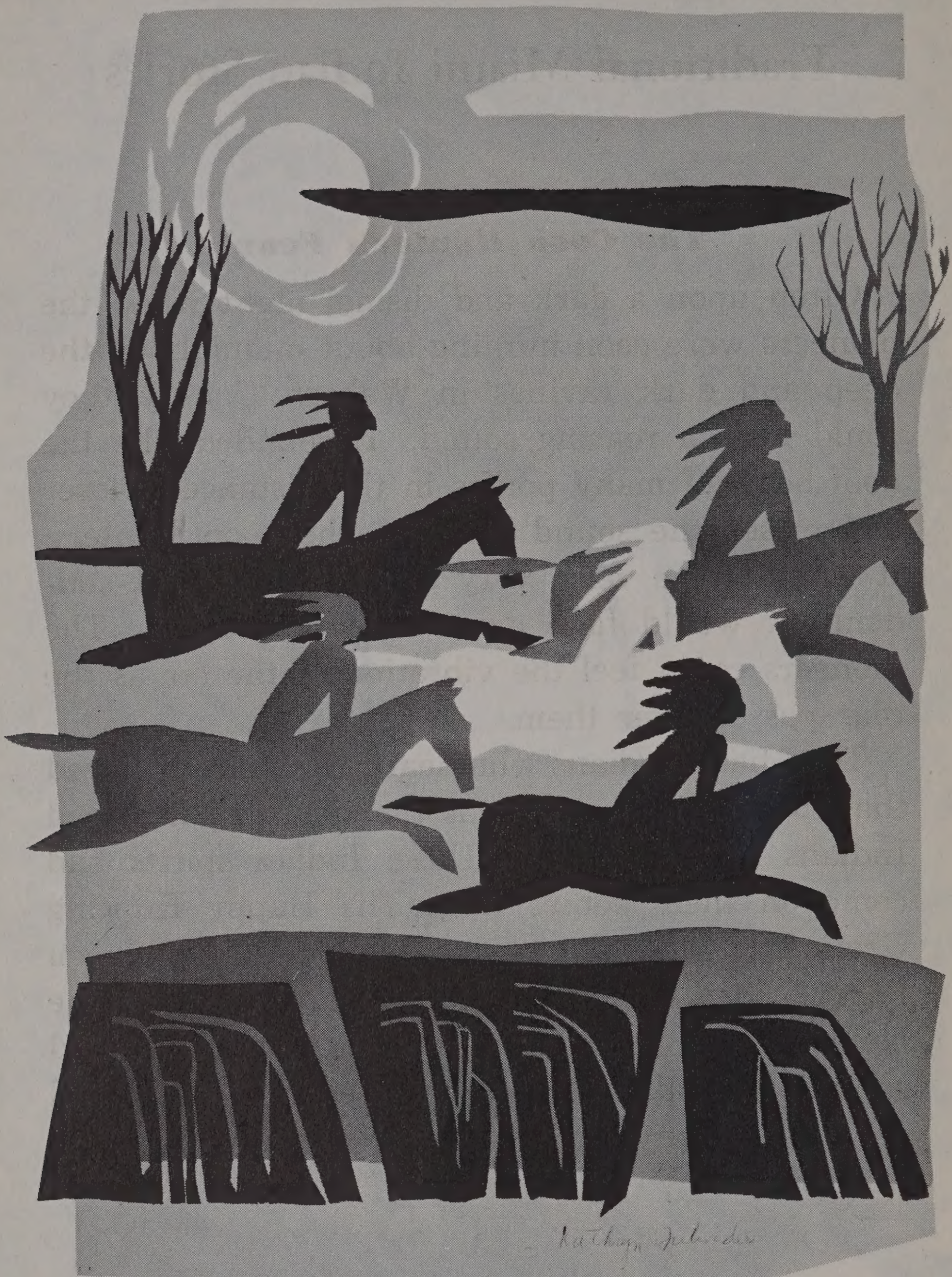


Gabriel Godfroy



Coon Hunter's Fear

PART I

Traditional Miami Indian Stories

The Coon Hunter's Fear

Often upon a dark and dismal night when the pioneers were coon hunting about midnight in the deep and dark ravines in Wabash County they could hear a roaring sound. It sounded like the hoof beats of many ponies in the distance. Closer and closer the sound came to the coon hunters. It would come very, very close to them but suddenly it would fade away in the distance. The pioneers could feel the vibration of the air as the roar passed over them.

The Miami Indians who heard this noise believed that the roaring sound was the spirits of the dead Indians of their tribe. These Indian spirits had come on their ponies from The Happy Hunting Ground to view the beloved spot of their life on Earth. They wanted to hunt once more along the banks of Big Pipe Creek where they had found such an abundance of game when they had lived on Earth many years ago as young and brave warriors.

The Indians believed these spirits came frequently, but always late at night, just for a glimpse of the land they loved so well. Once in a while, but not often, they would stop and hunt for a short time. They always returned to the Happy Hunting Ground with their arms full of game which they had caught while on Earth. This would satisfy the spirits for a while but soon they would get homesick again and then they would return to their favorite spot on Earth.

Coon hunters always listened for this roaring sound when they were hunting.

An Old Indian Grist Mill

A few rods west of the Wabash River bridge near Boyd Park there is a huge rock in the river. You can see this rock as you drive across the bridge. It sticks four or five feet out of the water and weighs about ten tons. There is a hollowed-out place in the top of the rock which will hold three or more gallons of water.

Years ago a very large Miami Indian Village stood on the highlands near the south bank of the Wah-bah-shik-ki or Wabash River. The village was located just forty rods or more south of the big rock. The Miami Indians used this rock for a grist-mill and Indian corn was put into the hollowed-out space. A long rock, which was shaped like a rolling pin, was used to pound the corn. It was pounded and pounded until it was in the form of corn meal. Many meals were prepared for the

Indians from the corn meal pounded on this rock.

The Indians called the rock their grist-mill but the white man called it a Dish Pan Rock because of its shape.

Catching a Bear

A long time ago when this country was a wilderness, there were many bears in the area where the Miami Indians made their homes. These bears lived in very small holes in the caves along the Wabash and Mississinewa Rivers.

The Miami Indians had several braves in their tribe who were very small in stature. These little Indian men would get a tomahawk and a firebrand and crawl into the holes to hunt the bears. When a brave found a bear he would hit him several times on the end of the nose as this was a very tender spot. The bear did not like to have his nose hit so he would run out of the cave. The other Indian braves standing outside the cave would capture the bear with their bows and arrows as he came running out of his den. The Indians had many dogs with them when they went bear hunting. These dogs were specially trained in this. Thus, with the help of the dogs the Indians caught many bears when they had their bear hunts.

After a bear was killed the Indian men carried it home where the young braves skinned it. After the bear was skinned, the squaws would prepare the meat to be eaten. The meat which couldn't be eaten before it spoiled was dried and hung up to be used at a later time. The Miami Indians were very fond of bear meat.

Frances Slocum as an Indian Pony Rider

Frances Slocum was regarded among the Miami Indians as a good sportswoman. She enjoyed fun and frolic and attended all such gatherings if she was able.

A race track was located back of her home. The races would often take place on this track which was located at Monument Springs near Peru, Indiana. The Indians always used their own Indian ponies for these races. Frances could ride and guide any of the Indian ponies without a bridle or a saddle by placing a blanket on the back of the pony. She was especially fond of riding a bucking pony. She also enjoyed winning the races from the Indian braves. She liked to prove that a squaw could ride better than a brave.

One day when an Indian was riding his pony on the race track he was thrown to the ground. This amused Frances, who was watching the race. She laughed heartily at the plight of the young brave.

"Let me show you how to ride that pony!" she said to the Indian brave.

Then she jumped on the back of the pony and rode it without a saddle. She rode it with a great deal of ease and did not fall off. This made the young brave ashamed of himself.

Frances rode outlaw ponies and helped break them right along with the men of the Indian tribe. Whenever they had a pony that could not be broken Frances always had the job of taming it. She had more success than many Indian men did.

The Indians of her tribe would go to Chief She-po-ca-nah, Frances' husband, for help and advice. After his death the Indians would go to Frances whom they admired and respected just as they had her husband. She would help them with their problems whenever she could. Therefore, she became the chief advisor for her tribe after her husband was taken by The Great Spirit to The Happy Hunting Ground.

Great Spirit's Teaching

The Indians who tried to live right were governed by the Great Spirit. A pale-face missionary came to the Miami Indian territory many years ago to teach them about the white man's God.

When the Indians heard about this missionary coming to their village they did not like it because most of the palefaces they had known were cruel men who wanted more of the Indian's precious land. One day several of the Indian braves decided to go to the missionary's tent and kill him. Upon arriving at the tent, the Indians pushed back the flap and looked inside the tent. They saw the missionary sitting at a table reading his Bible. As they were ready to enter the tent, a large rattlesnake crawled across the feet of the missionary. The Indians were astonished.

Shaking their heads the Indian braves said, "We no kill this pale-face missionary. Rattlesnake very poisonous and dangerous. When rattlesnake get so close to pale-face and not bite him, surely the Great Spirit does not want us to kill him."

The Indian braves went back to their own tepees and told the other Indians what they had just seen. The Chief of the tribe said, "Do not harm the pale-face missionary. Him too good a man and the Great Spirit has shown favor on him. We listen to what white man has to tell us."

From this time on the missionary was treated very kindly by the Miami Indians since they felt that he was a special messenger from their Great Spirit. Many of the Indians listened carefully to what the missionary taught them and became followers of the white minister.

Honesty Gains High Rank Among the Indians

An Indian who wanted to gain high rank among his tribe had to perform one or more noble deeds to make his life noteworthy and successful. For example, an Indian brave might find a medicine which he knew would cure asthma, providing the person hadn't had the disease for too long a period of time. In this way the Indian brave was being a help to his tribe.

Another way an Indian might become important to his tribe was by leading his people in performing old Indian customs at public gatherings, in order to show the pale-face the meanings of the Indian's beliefs and traditions. This helped the white man to know the real Indian as he used to be and as he would like to be now. Perhaps this helped the pale-face to have a different attitude toward the Indian.

No real old-time Indian would boast of what he could do unless he could prove it, for if he was found lying it would be too bad for him. Sometimes an Indian was whipped for his bad conduct or he would have to go without food for several days. Very seldom did an Indian ever lie because he knew how severe his punishment would be if he were caught.

The old-time Indian was always an honest Indian. His word was good whenever it was given. Once an Indian made a promise he kept it or died trying to keep his word.

Indian's Altar Sacrifice to the Great Spirit

The customs of sacrifice among the different tribes of Indians in North America were performed in various ways. But as cruelly as the Indians were treated by other people, none of the tribes except the Potawatomis ever made human sacrifice. This custom of human sacrifice was abandoned many years ago.

The Miami Indian offerings to the Great Spirit would consist of the best of their possessions. It could be the choicest piece of buffalo meat, the finest bow and arrow, their favorite horse or dog, or the finest piece of bead-work. Always the sac-

Indian Archery

rifice must be of the best of whatever they were offering. Never did the Miamis ever offer the second best of anything to the Great Spirit.

These offerings were placed over the Medicine Lodge, as this was the place where the Indians worshipped the Great Spirit. The Medicine Lodge was located in the center of the Indian Village. All articles of sacrifice would be placed at this spot so everyone in the village could see them and know what was being done to thank the Great Spirit for his kindness toward them.

The Great Spirit, the Ruler of the Universe, would be happy with the sacrifices and in return would make it possible for the Indians to grow much food and catch plenty of game so they would not be hungry. This was the reason that the best must be sacrificed to the Great Spirit. He was all-powerful and mighty and must be pleased so that he would show favor to these children of the forests.

Indian Archery

Indians like to shoot with their bows and arrows. An Indian is a better marksman on a short range than on a long range. The old time Indians were swift and accurate with their bows and arrows. They were able to shoot twenty or more arrows into the air while their ponies were galloping at full speed over a short course.

The Indian braves would choose sides, putting as many braves as they could on each side. Ten or twelve arrows were given to each side. The

Indians would shoot as fast as possible, seeing how many arrows they could get into the air before any of the arrows hit the ground.

Whenever an Indian's arrow hit the ground he had to stop shooting. If a brave shot nine arrows into the air before any of them hit the ground, nine would be his score. Should the man on the opposite side have seven arrows in the air before one of the arrows hit the ground seven would be his score.

Now number two on each side would shoot, and on down the line. A record was kept of each man's score. When the lines had finished shooting the scores were counted to find out which side won. The line having the highest score won.

Chief Godfroy said that this was the beginning of relay races with the Miami Indian tribe. The white man of this area adopted the custom and used many relay races as a form of amusement, but they first learned about the game from the Miami Indians.

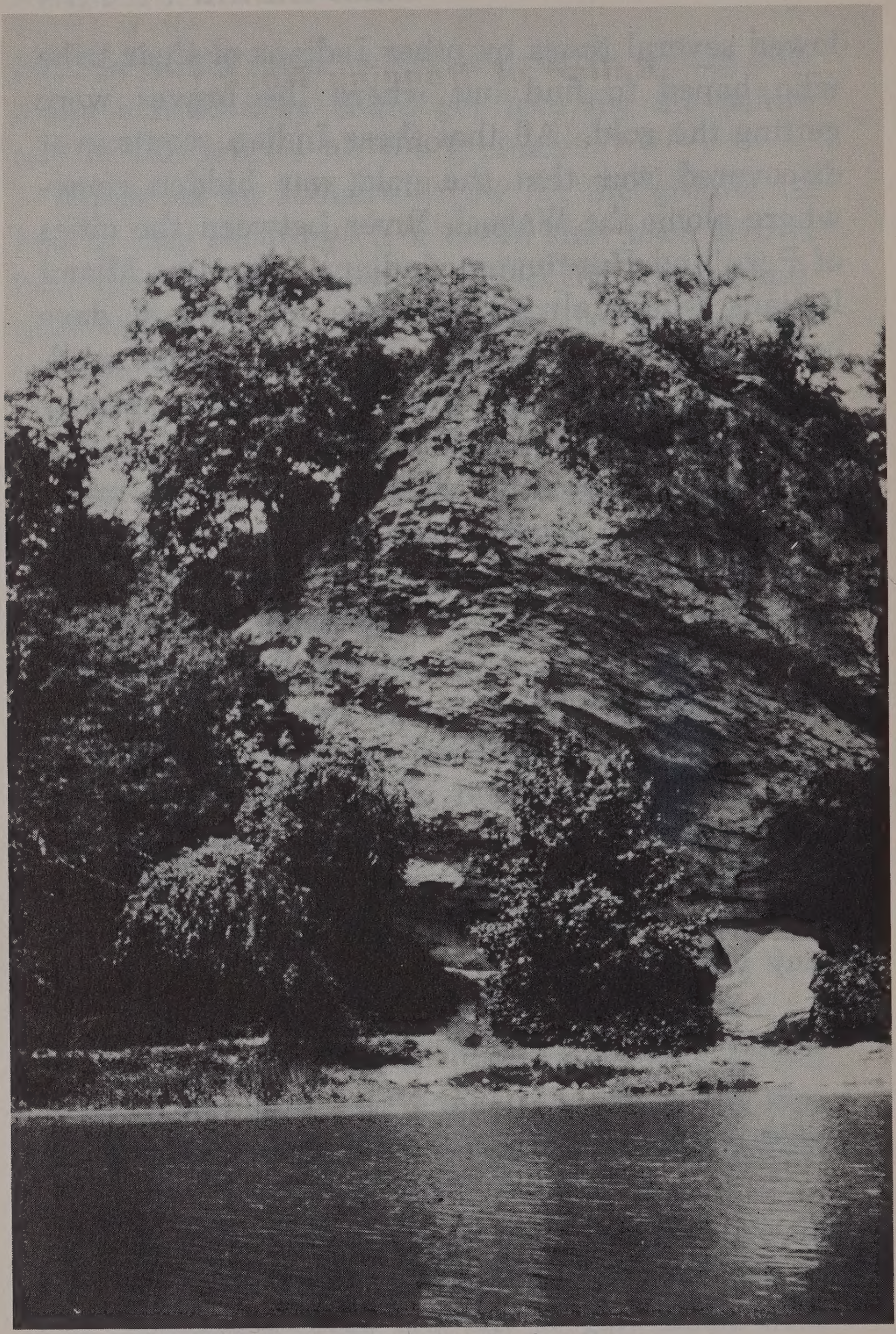
The Indian Gold Mine of Long Ago

Years and years ago there were two Miami Indian braves who had found gold along the Wabash River between Francis Godfroy's Trading Post and the city of Huntington, Indiana.

When the tribe needed gold the two braves would go by themselves to the secret spot and get it. They brought a large amount of gold back with them each time. The two Indian braves were followed several times by other Indians of their tribe who hoped to find out where the braves were getting the gold. All that these Indian scouts ever discovered was that the gold was hidden somewhere along the Wabash River between the cities of Peru and Huntington, Indiana. The two Miami Indians would always be gone for several days before they returned with the much needed gold.

As time passed by one of the Indian braves suddenly became ill and died. Now only one Indian brave knew the secret of the hidden gold mine. This one brave would always go by himself and visit the gold mine. He would bring back all the gold he could carry for the Indians to use. He was always willing and ready to get the gold whenever his people needed it.

One day this last Miami brave became ill and died. He took the secret of the hidden gold mine with him to the Happy Hunting Ground of the Great Beyond. No one ever found this gold mine though many Indians and white men have searched many years for it.



Hanging Rock

Ballad of Hanging Rock

Come all you romance lovers,
  Come listen while I tell
The fate of poor Wy-nu-sa,
  A fair young Indian belle.

Way down in Indiana
  Where Wabash waters glide,
There stands a lonely boulder
  High on the river side.

There lived an Indian maiden
  Wy-nu-sa was her name;
A lovely woodland flower
  With cheeks of wild rose flame.

She had a fond young lover,
  A warrior true and bold;
A gay and dashing hunter
  Who loved this maid of old.

One night as late they lingered
  In love dreams there alone;
The lovers' moon was shining
  Down on the hanging stone.

A jealous hearted rival
  Stole down the river side;
There slew Wy-nu-sa's lover
  And hurled him in the tide.

With cries of bitter anguish,
In her wild grief and woe;
The brokenhearted maiden
Leaped in the stream below.

There with her own true lover
In tender love and pride;
In all her youthful beauty
The fair Wy-nu-sa died.

For many years no lovers
Would venture there alone.
For since Wy-nu-sa perished there
It is a haunted stone.

They say when skies are dreary,
And Wabash waters sigh;
When the lovers' moon smiles wanly
They hear her mournful cries.

When fireflies light the waters,
And ghostly shadows glow;
They see a phantom maiden
Leap in the stream below.

So! come you romance lovers,
My story now is told.
You've heard the Indian legend
Of this fair maid of old.

If on some lonesome evening
You venture there alone;
You may see the Indian maiden
Leap from the hanging stone.
Written by Stormy Sellers

The Legend of Hanging Rock

On the Wabash River near the mouth of the Salamonie River there is a huge out-cropping of limestone, one hundred feet in height overhanging the river. The top is somewhat rounded by erosion. Some of the rock has one side rudely torn away by the Wabash River which flows at its foot. This out-cropping of rock is known as "Hanging Rock." There is a flat space some twenty feet square at the summit which affords room for a festive spread and it commands a broad outlook over the river and the valley below. This is now a favorite picnic ground. Young boys and girls come here and climb the same pathway to the top which the Miami Indian braves and maidens climbed many years before them.

Chief Godfroy tells a very interesting story about the Hanging Rock and what his tribe of Miami Indians believe concerning this very unusual rock formation. The story is a true one according to the Miami Indian chief.

Wy-nu-sa was a beautiful Miami Indian maiden who thought she was in love with two handsome, strong, and stalwart Indian braves. Both of the young men were deeply in love with the beautiful

Indian maiden. However, Wy-nu-sa wasn't able to decide which Indian brave she wanted to marry.

To the two young suitors Wy-nu-sa said, "You two young men will have to fight a duel at the top of Hanging Rock at a particular time which I will set. The brave which wins the fight may marry me but the brave which loses the duel will be plunged to his death in the swirling waters of the river below the rock."

The two young men agreed to the plan and a certain moonlit night was scheduled for the duel. On the appointed night the two young men climbed to the top of Hanging Rock to fight for the love of the Indian maiden, Wy-nu-sa. The Indian maid climbed to the top of the rock, also. She stood in the background and watched the fight. Secretly she loved one of the Indian braves more than the other one but she wouldn't admit this fact to anyone, not even to herself. The battle raged on and on until finally one brave fell over the edge of the rock and plunged to his death below. The Indian brave who was the victor came over to Wy-nu-sa to claim her as his bride.

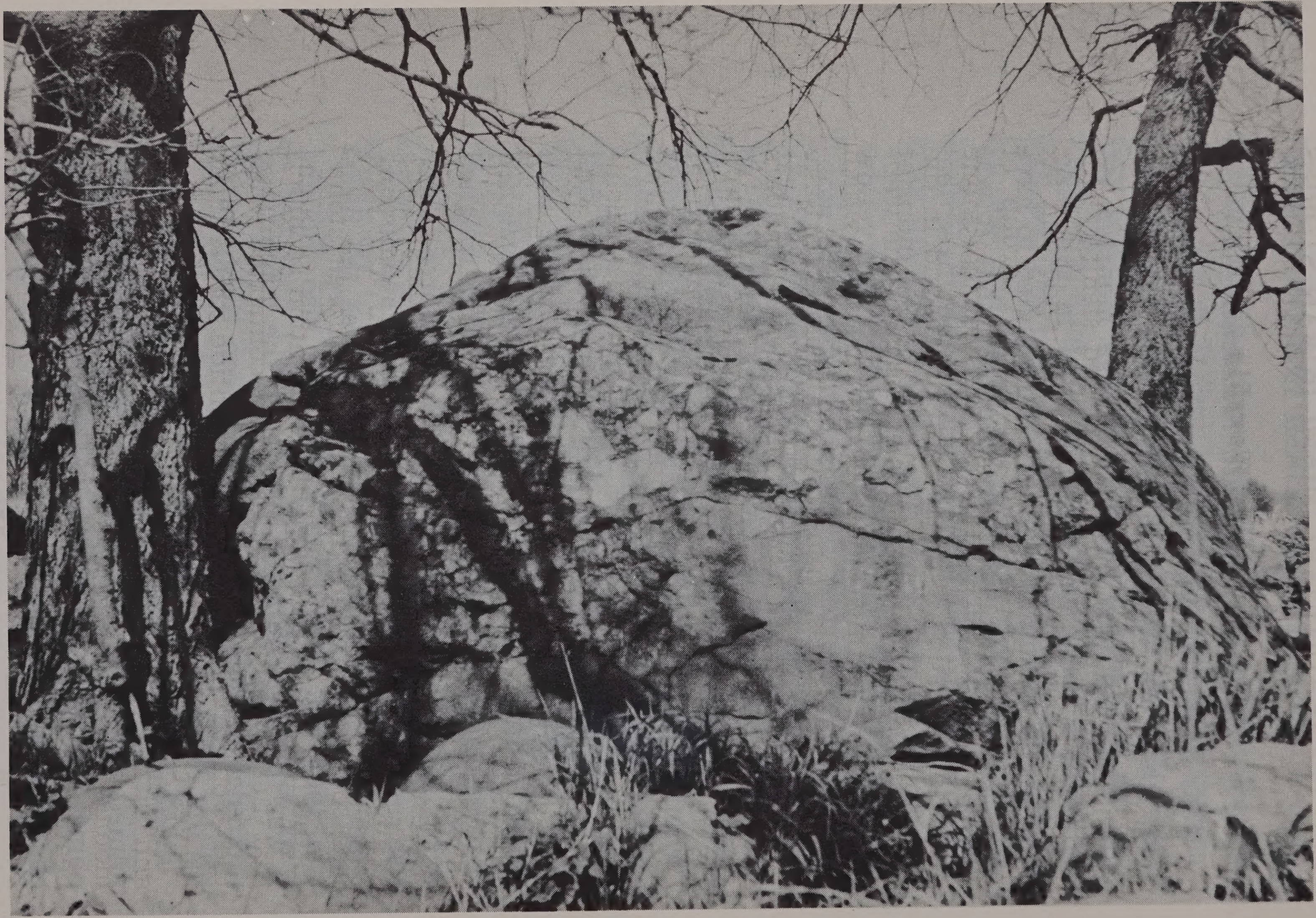
When Wy-nu-sa saw the brave she screamed, "I do not love you! You have killed my own true love. I cannot live without him!" With this exclamation the Indian maid ran to the edge of the rock and jumped off into the water. The Miami Indians believe she is now with her true lover in The Happy Hunting Grounds.

Monster of Lake Manitau

Near Rochester, Indiana there is a very beautiful lake which the Miami Indians named Lake Manitau. These Indians believed a large monster, resembling a huge water snake lived in this lake. A group of Miami Indians in 1845 claimed to have seen the monster and they reported that it was sixty feet long with a huge head some three feet across the frontal bone. The color of the monster was described as a dingy brown marked with yellow spots. After the few Indians had seen this monster the rest of the Indians would not go near the lake because the monster was described as being so ugly. These Indians gave the name of "Manitau" to the animal. This Miami Indian word means "ugly and undesirable."

A few years after the monster had been first seen by the small group of Indians a white man caught a huge fish in this lake. The fish weighed several hundred pounds. The head alone weighed over thirty pounds. The mouth measured three feet across, therefore having a large swallowing capacity. The Indians felt that this was the monster they had seen. The white man also thought it was the same monster but due to the magnifying influence of fear, the story had been exaggerated by the red men.

Nevertheless, ever since the Miami Indians named the lake "Manitau" it has gone by this name, although the spelling of the word has been changed slightly from the Indian spelling.



Moon Rock

Moon-Rock Worship

Two miles west of the town of Wabash there is a giant boulder—a pudding stone composed of irregular forms of granite, gneiss, and sienite. This stone is fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide and six feet high above the ground level. A group of geologists who were studying this unusual stone remarked that it was the largest of its kind in the state of Indiana. The stone is evidence of the wonderful transporting power of the ice flow which brought this mass from the north shore of Lake Superior. There are trap and conglomerate boulders nearby but this huge rock commands the attention of any person who sees it. It is no wonder that the simple children of the forest looked with awe at this traveled stone. The Miami Indians considered the rock a relic of the battles of the gods. Consequently, they esteemed it as a holy altar on which they left their offerings of wampum and tobacco in an attempt to appease the angry gods.

Here at this same rock the Miami Indians worshipped the moon several times a week. The rock was so beautiful and the different colored stones in the huge rock attracted their attention so much that they worshipped it as being connected with the God of the Moon. At eventide the Indian braves came to the rock and performed the dance and ritual characteristic for the worship of the moon. The entire ceremony appeared to be very beautiful as well as a bit savage.

Snow Shoe Dance

According to tradition the early Indians prepared themselves for the Snow Dance when the first snow arrived or it was about time for it to arrive. The Snow Dance was given in honor of the Great Spirit who had sent the snow to help them track wild game for their food during the long winter months. Since their food was principally the flesh of wild animals, the snow was of great service to the red man for it helped him find animals which could be killed.

When all the Indians were ready to dance, their spears, hunting knives, and bows and arrows were all placed in a pile on the ground. Each Indian who wanted to dance this particular dance had to put on his snow shoes. The leader started out dancing in a circle about the weapons lying on the ground. All of the other Indians followed their leader.

While dancing, each Indian, one at a time, danced up to the pile of weapons, chose the one he wanted to hunt with and then danced back to the edge of the circle. All the time he was singing his hunting song. At the same time he had to go through the motions of catching the game he hoped to bring back to the camp as his spoil. If he was pretending he was hunting deer, he danced by leaps and bounds, throwing his head up in the air and looking from side to side. If he was imitating hunting a bear he ran at a pacing run around the circle. He tried to imitate the animal he hoped to catch.

Each Indian had to be dressed in his hunting garments if he wished to take part in the Snow Shoe Dance. This particular dance was quite interesting and exciting to watch.

Speaking the Untruth

The old-time Indian would not let anyone lie to him or about him if he knew it.

One time when the Miami Indians were all assembled in a council meeting on the banks of the Wabash River near the Godfroy Village, an Indian runner of another tribe came running to the Council Chamber and said, "I have a very important message to deliver."

He was permitted to enter the Council Chamber and deliver his message. The Indians in the council listened to what he had to say. When they heard it, one Indian at a time arose and left the Council Chamber. Soon this Indian runner was left all alone.

A pale-face, who was visiting in the Indian Village at that time, asked the Indian Chief, "What is wrong with your Indians? They are leaving the council one at a time and the Indian runner is left all alone in the Council Chamber."

The old Indian Chief grunted and said, "Him no good, caught him in a lie. Now he left all alone. We not have anything to do with him!"

This was one form of Indian punishment for not telling the truth.

Story of the Corn

Many, many years ago when this country was inhabited only by the red men, game and foods of all kinds were very scarce. The Indians were greatly troubled and did not know what to do to keep their people from starving to death. The Indians held a big council and the prophets and chiefs assembled. Several of the very best prophets were present at the council. They were sent out into the wilderness to talk to the Great Spirit by themselves.

The prophets were gone many days and nights. One by one they returned to the campfires. They could not find any game or other food which the Indians were able to eat. However, one of the prophets had not returned. The Indians, thinking something had happened to him, sent other prophets out into the wilderness to search for him.

In a few days they found the last prophet coming back to camp. They asked, "Did you find any food?"

"Oh yes," the prophet answered, "I shall tell you all about it when we reach the campfires."

After he had rested at the campfire he said, "I met a very handsome man who wanted to know why I was in the wilderness all alone."

"I have come to talk to the Great Spirit about the famine in my country," the prophet told the stranger.

The handsome man said, "You must fight a duel with me, kill me, and bury me upon this spot."

"You are too handsome a man for me to kill. You have not wronged me and I cannot fight you," answered the prophet.

The handsome man replied, "You must fight me if you expect to save your people from starving."

The prophet said, "If it takes fighting you to save my people, I will fight you."

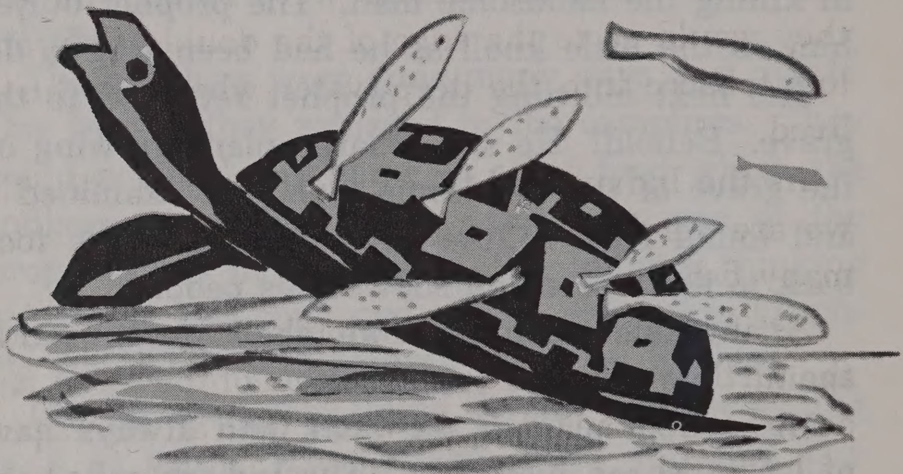
"All right," spoke the handsome man. "Let's fight right now!"

They fought very hard and the prophet succeeded in killing the handsome man. The prophet buried him on the little knoll as he had been told to do.

The next morning the prophet returned to the grave. Behold! He saw a large plant growing on the grave of the handsome man. He examined it and found food on the plant. He took this food back to the tepees and showed his people.

"Plant this stalk and we shall never starve again!" the prophet told them.

His people planted the stalk and always have had food to eat ever since. The Indians called the food MEN-JIP-IE, which later became quite well known as Indian corn.



Kathryn Fulwider

The Turtle

A Story of an Immense Large Turtle

The Miami Indians tell the following story about an immensely large turtle which was found at the double cliffs located nearly a mile down the Mississinewa River from the little town of Somerset, Indiana. The water between the double cliffs was very deep, but below the cliffs it was shallow.

According to the Indian tradition a huge turtle lived in the deep part of the water at the edge of the cliffs. When the Miamis were hungry for fish they would go to the edge of the double cliffs and toss tobacco into the deep water where the turtle lived.

As the Indians fed the turtle they said, "Turtle, we are very hungry for some fish. Help us catch many fish."

As if in answer to the Indian's request, quickly the turtle would dive to the bottom of the water and come back to the top of the water with an abundance of large fish on his back. He would swim over to where the Indians were standing and then would slide the fish off his back into the shallow water below them. The Indians then waded out into the stream with their spears and caught the fish before any of them could get back into the deep water. Consequently, the Indians would have all the fish they wanted to eat for several days.

For many years the turtle was not seen. Some of the Indians said that there were too many pale-faces in the Indian country now for the turtle to make itself known. However, most of the Miami Indians thought that the Great Spirit had moved the turtle to some other locality where he could help the people there who were hungry get more fish to eat.

The Story of the Seven Sisters in the Sky

Long ago an Indian princess had a noble grandson whom she loved and admired greatly because he was a very good boy. He was also very thoughtful and considerate of the older people in the tribe. One evening the Indian grandmother took her grandson to a place where seven beautiful girls were dancing and having a good time together.

"Why don't you dance with these lovely girls?" the Indian princess asked her grandson.

"I don't know how to dance, grandmother," the young brave answered. "Besides I'm afraid of girls!" The grandmother tried to coax her grandson into dancing but he was bashful and refused to do what his grandmother suggested.

"You watch the girls for a while and perhaps you will learn how to dance," the grandmother said. So the Indian brave stood and watched the girls dance for quite a long time. After awhile the grandmother said again to her grandson, "Since you have watched the girls dancing you should ask them if they will dance with you now."

The boy hesitated but finally consented to ask the girls to dance with him. After he had danced with the first girl he enjoyed dancing so much that he danced in turn with each of the seven sisters. Suddenly all the seven sisters and the Indian boy began to rise into the air.

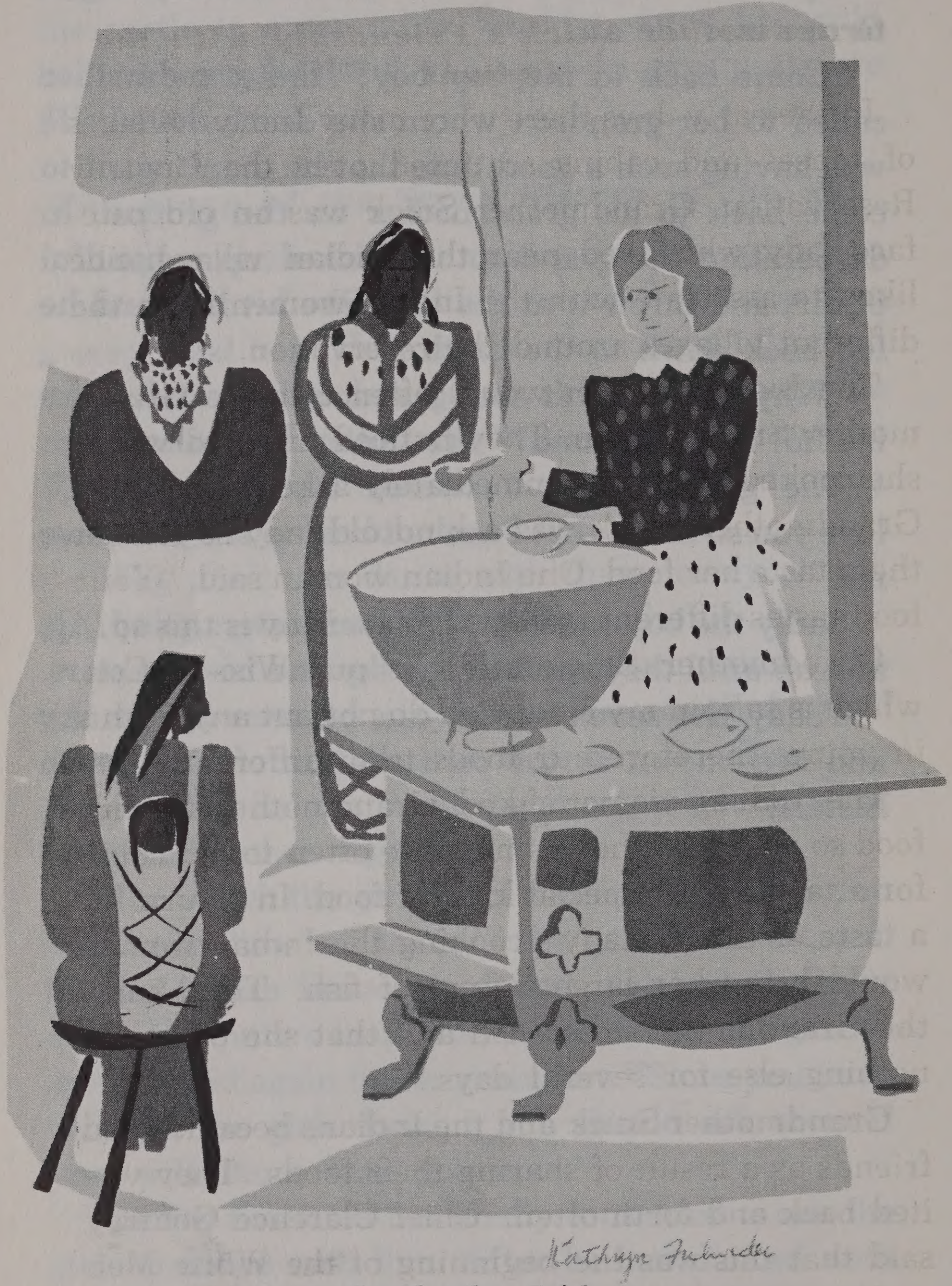
"Come back to me, my boy!" the grandmother called to her grandson whom she dearly loved. He was having such a good time that he didn't want to come back to his grandmother on the ground. In desperation the grandmother picked up a handful of dirt and threw it at the boy. She hit him and he fell back down to the earth.

"Why did you hit me, grandmother, and make me fall to the ground?" the Indian boy asked.

The grandmother answered her grandson, "I love you so much that I can not bear to see you leave me."

Sadly the boy watched the seven sisters go up, up, and up until they reached the sky and became stars.

Today the seven sisters can be seen in the sky and are known as the constellation of The Seven Sisters.


Kathryn Fulwider

Grandmother Snick

PART II

Humorous Miami Indian Stories

Grandmother Snick's Friendship with the Indians

In the early days there were many Indian villages of tepees and cabins scattered over the Godfroy Reservation. Grandmother Snick was an old pale-face lady who lived near this Indian village. She liked to associate with the Indian women from the different villages around the reservation.

The Indian women would often come to Grandmother Snick's cabin. They noticed the food which she cooked and they immediately asked to taste it. Grandmother Snick was a kind old lady so she let them taste her food. One Indian woman said, "Your food tastes different from our food. Why is this so?"

Grandmother Snick said, "I put Wisi-Pa-Con, which is salt, in my food. You do not put any of this in yours, therefore our foods taste differently."

The Indian women liked Grandmother Snick's food so well that they came quite often to her cabin for a taste of her special kind of food. In return for a taste of the old lady's cooking the Indian women would bring her large strings of fish. They knew the Grandmother liked fish and that she often ate nothing else for several days.

Grandmother Snick and the Indians became good friends as a result of sharing their foods. They visited back and forth often. Chief Clarence Godfroy said that this was the beginning of the White Men and the Red Men sharing their ideas and customs.

A Battle for Love

Goodboo was a young Miami Indian warrior who was very strong and handsome. He was fearless and savage in battle. He had performed many feats of strength and courage and was known as a mighty warrior.

In the Miami Indian tribe there was a very beautiful Indian princess whom Goodboo loved. He wanted to marry this princess but had not been given the permission to do so by the maiden's father. One day a handsome young brave from a tribe of Indians in Fort Wayne came to the Godfroy Indian Village to deliver a message to Chief Godfroy. He stayed in camp for a few days waiting for the answer to be given to him. While he was waiting he noticed the beautiful Indian princess and he too fell in love with her. This made Goodboo angry and he started to fight the Fort Wayne Indian. The two young Indian warriors fought fiercely and savagely for the love of the beautiful Indian maiden. The braves used knives and after quite a long hard fight Goodboo managed to kill this rival.

A few weeks after the fight Chief Godfroy received a letter from the chief of the Fort Wayne tribe of Indians. That chief said, "Send me your young warrior, Goodboo, who killed one of my young warriors or send me $1,000.

Chief Francis Godfroy thought this matter over very carefully. He decided Goodboo was a very valuable warrior so he sent $1,000 to the chief at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

This apparently settled the matter as Chief Godfroy never heard from the Indian chief at Fort Wayne again and Goodboo was permitted to marry the princess.

Brother Indian and the Minister

One Sunday morning a clergyman who was preaching to the Miami Indians had for his text, "Vow, and pay the Lord thy vows!" After the service was over one of the Indians stepped up to the minister and said, "Now me vow me go home with you, Mr. Minister."

The minister was so surprised that he didn't know quite what to say to the Indian. Finally he said, "All right you may come home with me and spend a short time in my house."

When the two men arrived at the minister's house the Indian liked what he saw. It was a warm and comfortable place and the Indian saw the opportunity of being well fed and cared for. Much to the minister's surprise the Indian said, "Me vow me stay all night with you, Mr. Minister!"

The minister becoming quite irritated with the Indian said, "It would seem that you are doing a lot of vowing, but I am going to do some vowing, also. You may stay with me tonight but I vow that you shall go to your home in the morning when you awaken."

The Indian, judging by the look on the minister's face and the tone of his voice, decided he had better leave in the morning and that is just what he did.

As the Indian left he said to the minister, "Me not know what good vows are if me can't get what me wants from them!"

The minister smiled and said to the Indian, "I don't believe you understood the meaning of my message last Sunday, Brother Indian. Come to church again next Lord's Day and I will try to explain the meaning of vows to you more fully at that time. Goodbye and God bless you, my friend."

The Indian went very slowly and dejectedly homeward.

Curiosity of the White Man and the Privacy of the Red Man

When the Indians visited a town, the white people often crowded around them and gazed at them with much curiosity. The Indians wished to have privacy and considered these actions of the whites very rude and impolite.

The Indians said, "We do not consider it to be good manners for people to gaze at us when we come into town to buy the food we need to eat."

"We enjoy watching you and the things which you do are quite interesting to us," the white people answered.

"We have as much curiosity as you white people have," said the Indians, "but if you were to come into our towns we would like to have the opportunities of looking at you, too. However, we would hide ourselves behind the bushes which you would be passing and then we could look at you as you went by. This way you would not know we were looking at you and we would feel that we had not intruded upon your privacy, either. We greatly value our privacy, you see."

From that time on the people of the small towns where the Indians came to shop were very careful not to stare at them. If they wanted to watch the Miami Indians they did so from behind the doors and windows of their houses or other buildings of the town. The Indians usually had the freedom of the town when they came. Riding their bobbed tail ponies single file down the street they presented a picturesque scene. They were quite slow in trading and buying. No wonder the white people of the town were curious about the Indians when they came to town.

Deer Hunting

Chief Gabriel Godfroy was a great hunter. He liked to take his bow and arrow and go into the forest to hunt wild game. He would start very early in the morning and at noon he would come in with his game sack filled with all kinds of game.

In the fall of the year Chief Godfroy and several other Miami Indians would go to Wisconsin to hunt deer, bear, and other wild game. They enjoyed these hunting trips and brought much game back to the Miami Indian village.

On one of his hunting trips the Chief shot a deer with his bow and arrow. Thinking it was dead the Chief went to the spot where the deer lay. No sooner had he arrived than the deer jumped up ready to fight. The deer used its horns to try to fight the Indian and he used his feet to strike at the red man. If a person was ever hit by the feet of a deer he would be cut up just as if he had been cut by a sharp knife. Chief Godfroy was a very strong man so he grabbed hold of the deer's horns and held on to them. The deer tried to bite the Chief but could not do so. They fought hard for about fifteen minutes. The deer is a mean fighter when he is mad. Several times during the fight he tried to tumble the Chief to the ground so he could stomp him to death with his feet. Finally, Chief Godfroy got behind a tree and pulled the deer's head around the tree. Then he drew out his hunting knife with his other hand and cut the deer's throat. This saved the man's life because it was a life and death fight between the deer and the man.

Chief Godfroy's advice to other hunters was never go to the spot where a deer had been shot unless you were quite sure it was dead.

George Washington and the Indians

In the latter part of the eighteenth century an officer presented a Miami Indian chief with a medal. On one side of it was the engraving of George Washington armed with a sword and on the other side there was an Indian in the act of burying the hatchet.

The Indian chief at once saw the wrong represented by these two pictures. He asked, "Why does not the President of the United States bury his sword, too, instead of being armed with it? The Indian is pictured as burying the hatchet, therefore the President should be burying his weapon of war, also."

The Miami Indians feel that this is just another of the many examples which show the unfairness of the dealings of the white man with the Indian people.

Getting Provisions

Many, many long years ago when the Indians needed food they would go hunting in the wilderness or go fishing in the streams and lakes.

One time there was a man by the name of Chief Squirrely who had nothing in his tepee to eat. He looked outside and it was raining very hard but the Chief had to have something to eat because he was very hungry. He grabbed his bow and arrow and started to the pond hoping the ducks would be on it at this time of day. Sure enough when he reached the pond the ducks were sitting on it. He sat very quietly and watched them for quite a while. Pretty soon the ducks flew onto a limb of a tree which was hanging over the pond. Chief Squirrely pulled up his bow and arrow and took careful aim. He shot his arrow but when he looked, it appeared as if the arrow had missed the ducks and had lodged in the limb of the tree. He walked over to the tree to see what had happened and to his astonishment six ducks were flopping on the limb as if they were fastened to it. When he looked closer he found that all six ducks had their toes fast in the limb of the tree which had been split by the arrow.

"How about that for good shooting?" he shouted to himself.

He took the ducks home and had an ample supply of food for several days.

Grandmother Phelps Befriends an Indian

In 1846 Mrs. Phelps and her husband bought a homestead from the government. It was located in the timberland near the Godfroy Indian Reservation. Both Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were pale-faces but they were not afraid of the Miami Indians who were going to be their neighbors.

There were only trails and narrow roads in the forest when Mr. and Mrs. Phelps moved into their new home. Mr. Phelps, with the aid of some other men, cut down two large trees, sawed them into logs, and built a cabin in which to live. Next the couple cleared away the timber from around their forest home.

One day an excited Indian came to their cabin. He wanted to come inside the house so Mrs. Phelps let him. The Indian made signs, trying to tell her that someone was after him. He could not speak English and Mrs. Phelps could not speak the Indian language as she had not been living around them long enough to pick up any of their words. When the Indian crawled under the bed Mrs. Phelps knew he was really scared and that there was something drastically wrong, so she pulled the covers over the bed. They hung down to the floor, therefore the Indian was well hidden.

It wasn't long until a party of white men came riding on horseback up to the cabin and asked, "Lady, have you seen a strange Indian passing by your house lately?"

Mrs. Phelps answered them, "Yes, I just saw an Indian man going down the road in that direction." She pointed in the opposite direction from which they had come.

The group of men left at once in pursuit of the man they were chasing. As soon as the men were gone the Indian came out from beneath the bed and bowed to the old lady. He kept making signs, trying to tell her how thankful he was to her for saving his life. He backed out of the house bowing as he went. The old pale-face lady was thankful she could help the Indian man.

The Indian remembered the kindness given to him that day by Mrs. Phelps. Several days later he returned to the Phelps home, bringing with him much game which he had killed. He laid the food on the floor at the feet of Mrs. Phelps, making signs to tell her that he wanted her to accept all of it. Grandmother Phelps was quite excited and happy.

The old lady said, "An Indian never forgets a person who has been kind to him."

Indian a Close Observer

An Indian went hunting along a large stream of water one day. He saw a deer grazing on the hillside and killed it. He was far from home so he skinned the deer and cut off a piece of venison to take to his tepee. He hung the remainder of the venison upon the limb of a tree so that he could get it the next day.

When he came for the venison it was gone. The Indian looked for some signs which would tell him what had happened to the deer meat. Soon he figured it out and started on the trail. He came to some white men cutting down trees.

He asked them, "Have you seen an old humped-back man who was carrying a short gun? He had a short-tailed dog with him, too."

"Yes, we have seen him," the men said.

"This man stole my venison!" the Indian said.

"How do you know he did the stealing?" the men asked the Indian.

"Oh! that is very easy. I hung my venison upon a high limb. This man was not tall because he put a log beneath the venison and made a pile of rocks so he could reach it. In some way he fell and left the print of his back upon the ground. I know the gun was short for I could see where he set the gun against the tree. I know he was old, for he made short, curved steps as he walked along the ground. I know his dog had a short tail because I could see where the dog sat in the sand and watched his master cut down the venison," answered the Indian.

"My! You are quite a close observer to notice all these things," the men marveled.

"Indian learn to be close observer. His life oftentimes depends on what he has seen and can remember," replied the Indian. "I will find this man soon and get my venison meat back."

The Indian's Shrewdness

Joseph Dudley was governor of Massachusetts in the colonial days. He had several men working for him building a dam across a mill-race. The governor watched the men to see that they kept busy while they were working for him.

One Indian man would come each day and watch what was going on. After he had watched the men for several days, the Indian asked the governor, "Why don't you work?"

The governor pointed to his head and said, "Head work, therefore I don't work with my hands."

The Indian made one grunt and said, "No one would want me to work."

"Yes," said the governor, "I will give you work."

The governor had a calf he wanted killed. He told the Indian if he would kill the calf he would pay him a shilling. Mr. Indian accepted the offer. After the Indian killed the calf he came back to the place where the men were working.

The governor said, "Mr. Indian, didn't you dress the calf?"

Mr. Indian replied, "No, that wasn't in the bargain."

The governor thought perhaps Mr. Indian had misunderstood what he had told him.

"I will give you another shilling if you will dress the calf," said the governor.

Mr. Indian replied, "All right, then I shall have two shillings."

He went to the store and started buying trinkets. Soon his two shillings were gone. He began to think what he should do next. Somewhere he found a brass shilling and he took it back to the governor who told him the coin was no good. The governor felt sorry for the Indian so he gave him another shilling. By this time the governor was getting a little suspicious about what Mr. Indian was doing but he said nothing. Instead he started using his head to think of some way to teach Mr. Indian a lesson.

Finally the governor told Mr. Indian he had a letter he wanted delivered to Boston, Massachusetts. "I will pay you one-half of a crown if you will deliver this letter for me."

"All right," said Mr. Indian, "I will take it to Boston."

In this letter the governor had told the people at Boston that when Mr. Indian arrived there he was to be given a good lashing with a cat-of-nine tails, because he was not a very good Indian. Mr. Indian started with the letter, but he had a feeling that something was wrong with that letter. As he was traveling along the Indian met one of the governor's servants.

"Mr. Governor wants you to take this letter to a certain party in Boston," the Indian said. "This is your governor's orders so you must obey them."

The servant took the letter and delivered it to its destination in Boston. Therefore, he received the lashing which Mr. Indian should have had.

The governor did not see Mr. Indian for a long time. Finally, one day he met him on the street. He asked Mr. Indian, "Why did you cheat and deceive me so many times?"

Mr. Indian made a few grunts and looked the governor squarely in the eye. "Mr. Governor, head work, head work," he said as he pointed his finger to his head.

The governor thought this was a pretty good answer so he laughed and went on his way. Perhaps today the governor and Indian are doing head work together in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Relationship of the White Man to the Red Man

One day a white man met an Indian on the road and said, "Hello there, my brother!"

The Indian was quite puzzled by this greeting. He could not figure out why he would be a brother to the white man. He said to the pale-face, "Why do you call me your brother?"

"Oh, you are my brother because we are all related to Adam and Eve," answered the white man.

The Indian had been going to church and he had heard the minister tell about Adam and Eve being the first man and woman on the earth. The minister had said that all people could trace relationship to other people by going way back to Adam and Eve.

The Indian hesitated a little bit and then said, "Me thank Him, the Great Spirit, we no nearer brothers than through Adam and Eve!"

The white man wasn't at all sure whether or not he liked this remark the Indian had just made.

A Small Pale-Face Boy's Experience with the Indians

One time a small boy, the son of a pale-face who was going hunting with a group of Indians, wanted to accompany his father.

"You are too young," the father said, "you will get tired before we get back."

"Let him go with us, pale-face man," said one of the Indian men.

So the small boy was given permission to go with the hunting party. The Indians rode their ponies in single file because they had been taught that they could watch for their enemies better that way. The little boy rode a pony of his own, also. As the party traveled along some of the Indians gathered herbs and plants for medicine. The Indians treated their ills and sicknesses by the giving of medicine made from certain herbs and plants. Some of the Indians had medicine bags made out of bark.

They strapped these bags to their ponies and put the herbs they gathered into these bags. The hunting party was out for several days and the little boy became quite tired.

"You should not be fussing and complaining," said his father, "the Indian boys are brave and strong."

"Riding this pony hurts me!" said the little boy.

Chief Francis Godfroy was a member of the hunting party. He gathered some moss from around the trees and ponds and made a pad out of it. Then he placed this on the pony's back.

"Little one, you sit on this pad just as if you were sitting in a saddle," the Indian chief told the little boy.

"This will make everything all right for you now, little one," added Chief Godfroy, "you will have a good saddle upon which to ride while we finish our hunting."

The little boy made the rest of the trip with no more complaints. He rode the pony with ease and comfort.

Testing Little Boys' Bravery

When the little Indian boys were old enough to get away from the tepees and wander about in the forests, their fathers would call a council meeting. The purpose of this meeting was to test them to see who was the bravest one to be the chief and leader of their group.

Their fathers would conceal a skeleton in a dark haunted place. The boys had been told all about it and a very dark night was chosen to test the little boys. Indians were stationed at different places along the path which led to the hidden skeleton. All kinds of noises were made to scare the little boys. On the specially chosen night all the boys and Indians were gathered about the campfire anxious to learn who was going to be chosen as the leader by passing the test.

When everything was ready the old chief stepped forward with a knife in his hand. He told the little boys what they must do.

"Who is first to go?" he said.

One of the group volunteered to go and the old Chief gave him the knife. The little boy started down the path towards the haunted house.

In a few seconds he returned all excited and said, "I can't go. I am too scared."

Then the knife was given to the second boy and he started down the path. He didn't go very far until he returned more excited than the first boy. The remaining boys hesitated, trying to decide whether they should try it.

Finally the third boy said, "I will go."

He walked cautiously down the path, staying away longer than the rest of them. Soon he started yelling and crying and came running at full speed back to the camp. He fell down exhausted at the campfire. He was so frightened that he could not talk to the other little boys.

The chief looked over the boys and said, "Who wants to go now?" No one answered.

At last the smallest boy of the group said, "I will go." The chief placed the knife in his hand. The boy walked bravely down the path.

A short time later he was heard exclaiming, "It does not make any difference how you grunt and groan, I came after you and I am going to take you back to camp with me!"

He came walking back to the campfire carrying the skeleton. The old chief grabbed the boy by the hand and turned toward the group of little boys.

"Here is your chief and leader!" the Indian Chief said.

The campfires were put out and all the boys and Indians returned to their tepees. They were satisfied that the best boy had been made leader of the group of Indian boys.

What Is a Half-Truth?

James Skin was an Indian who loved to drink cider. In fact, he would do almost anything to get a drink of cider. He would often travel through the country begging for cider. He was too lazy to work so he would knock on people's doors and ask for cider.

One time he happened to be in a part of the country where there was very little cider made. James Skin knew that a drink of cider was going to be hard to obtain but he was determined to get some even if he had to tell a lie. He was not very far away from the home of his friends, Mr. and

Mrs. Marks, who were landowners. He had been told they had just made some cider and had stored it in their cellar for the winter months. Mr. Skin had a feeling that he could not get a drink of cider from this family by begging for it as he usually did so he had to think of a different way of getting what he wanted. Upon arriving at the home of the Mr. and Mrs. Marks he asked for the head of the house. Mrs. Marks called her husband to come to the door.

James Skin said to Mr. Marks when he opened the door, "Come outside with me right away. I have something very important to tell you."

When the two men were alone James Skin said, "I just shot a fine deer this morning. Give me a crown and I will tell you where to find it."

Mr. Marks thought that was too much money to pay to find out where the deer was hidden but he did offer James Skin a half a crown for the information.

Finally Mr. Skin said, "I have walked a great distance this morning and am very thirsty, but for half a crown and a mug of cider I will tell you where I hid the deer."

The landowner agreed and paid Mr. Skin the money and gave him a large mug of cider to drink.

After Mr. Skin had drunk his cider he gave the directions to his friend so he could find the place where the deer was hidden.

"You know where the big ash tree is in the meadow?" Mr. Skin asked his friend.

"You know, down by the brook? That is where the big ash tree with the big top is located," James Skin said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Marks, "I know where the big ash tree is in the meadow."

"Yes, I know the big ash tree with the big top is located down by the brook," answered Mr. Marks.

"Well! Under that tree lies the deer I shot this morning," said Mr. Skin.

Mr. Marks seemed to understand the directions so Mr. Skin departed. Mr. Marks went to the meadow and searched for the tree by the brook. He found the meadow, the tree, and the brook but no deer was there. Mr. Marks was terribly angry and upset. He tried to find Mr. Skin but he was nowhere to be found. At last Mr. Marks had to give up the search and go home.

Several years later Mr. Skin and Mr. Marks met and they immediately recognized each other. Mr. Marks demanded that the Indian give his money back to him and also pay for the mug of cider he had drunk.

"Why?" said Mr. Skin, "Would you find fault if Indian told truth half the time."

"No," said Mr. Marks.

"Well," said Mr. Skin, "You find him meadow?"

"Yes," said the white man, "I found the meadow."

"You find him tree?" said James Skin.

"Yes," said Mr. Marks, "I found the tree."

"What for then you find fault with James Skin when he told you two truths to one lie?" asked Mr.

Skin.

Mr. Marks shook his head in despair and walked slowly away from the Indian. Mr. Skin never heard anymore from his landowner friend, Mr. Marks, about this matter.

After this incident James Skin was always known as a great joker.

Where's Justice?

Several years ago a large pale-face man and a small Indian man went hunting together. Before they started to hunt they agreed they would divide the game they caught in the evening when they returned to their camp.

The first person to fire a shot was the Indian. He killed a wild turkey.

The pale-face said to the Indian, "I am larger and stronger than you so I will carry the turkey." The Indian did not object so the pale-face put the turkey in his game bag.

As they were roving about in the wilderness the pale-face saw an owl, shot it, and put it in his game sack, also. They kept on hunting for a long time but could not find any more game. They decided to go back to their camp. Now the time had come to divide their spoil. All they had killed was an owl and a wild turkey which were both in the pale-face's game sack.

The pale-face said to the Indian, "You take the owl and I will take the turkey or I will give you the owl and I shall take the turkey."

"Oh, no!" said the Indian. "You have never once said, 'I will give you the turkey.' I am not as dumb as you think! You said both times you would take the turkey and give me the owl. You just said the same thing in two different ways. We will share both the turkey and the owl. You take half of the owl and turkey and I will take the other half of each one of them."

So the pale-face had to divide the game as the Indian ordered him to do. This taught the pale-face that all Indians aren't as dumb as he thought they were.

Why a Woman Wiggles When She Walks

When Clarence Godfroy, the last Chief of the Miami Indians, was a small boy he liked to fish in the creeks and rivers around his home. One day an old man by the name of John Sassafrass came and sat down beside him on the creek bank where he was fishing. Mr. Sassafrass was a medicine man who was out in the forest gathering herbs and berries from which he would make his medicines.

Clarence had seen the Medicine Man several times but had never been this close to him before, consequently he was frightened and didn't quite know what to do about the situation.

John Sassafrass said to Clarence, "Sit still! I will not hurt you."

Clarence sat very still and Mr. Sassafrass told him several Indian stories.

When Mr. Sassafrass saw that Clarence was no longer afraid of him, he asked, "Clarence, do you know why a woman wiggles when she walks?"

Clarence answered, "No, I do not know why a woman wiggles when she walks. Please, tell me that story."

Mr. Sassafras said, "When The Great Spirit made man he put him upon this earth without a mate. The man became lonesome, nervous, and nothing ever seemed to be right. He acted queerly and could hardly sleep at night. He walked and ran but could never seem to get anyplace. This made The Great Spirit scratch his head and think. He looked the man over and saw that he needed a mate very badly."

Clarence interrupted, "How did The Great Spirit make a mate for the man?"

"The Great Spirit laid the man down on the ground and gave him something to make him go to sleep," continued Mr. Sassafrass, "Then he took out one of his ribs and laid it down on the Mother Earth. Along came a dog, grabbed the rib and ran away with it. The Great Spirit ran after the dog, and finally after being chased for quite a while the dog got tired and dropped the bone on the ground. The Great Spirit picked it up and brought it back to the place where he was working on the man."

"That's a funny thing for a dog to do!" said Clarence.

Once more Mr. Sassafrass continued with his story. "After a while the dog came back to The Great Spirit. He was twisting and turning his body in the dirt. He was crawling and wriggling on the ground. He was wiggling and waggling his tail. As he crawled, one hip went up and the other one went down. If he could have talked to The Great Spirit he would have said, 'I want my bone! I want my bone! But The Great Spirit paid no attention to the dog and went right on making the woman from the man's rib. This was the same bone which the dog had run away with, dropped, and now wanted back so badly."

"Then what happened?" Clarence asked excitedly.

"When The Great Spirit had completed making the woman," explained Mr. Sassafrass, "He awakened the man and said, 'I have made you a mate to make you happy'."

Clarence asked, "Was the man happy?"

Mr. Sassafrass smiled and continued, "The man looked her over and said, "She will do, I guess. But-but-but tell me! What makes her wiggle so much when she walks?"

"That's a good question," said Clarence. "How did The Great Spirit answer it?"

"The Great Spirit," said Mr. Sassafrass, "remembered how the dog looked as he begged for the man's rib and said to the man, 'Oh! That's no fault of hers. She can't help wiggling when she walks. She was made that way!' "

"Did you like this story, Clarence?" asked Mr. Sassafrass.

"Yes!" said Clarence. "I surely did."

A Worthy Ambition

Many of the young Indian braves wanted to make a mark for themselves in the world. An Indian brave of eighteen summers wanted to be equal to the older Indians who had performed many great deeds. He wanted to show the other Indians of his tribe that he was capable of doing something which the others could not do.

He worked hard, trading with the other Indians until he had many horses, several bows and arrows, all kinds of bead work, much tobacco, and several nice suits of clothes. In those days an Indian was considered wealthy if he possessed all of these things.

One particular Indian brave was ready to have a home of his own. There were several young Indian princesses of which he was quite fond. He finally settled on four of these lovely maidens. Each maiden belonged to a nearby tribe and one day he got up enough courage to visit each one of their fathers who was a chief of his own tribe of Indians. He told each chief that he wanted to marry his daughter and that in return for her hand in marriage he would give the chief a bow and arrow, a horse, some beads, and tobacco. Each of the four chiefs granted the young brave's request.

The marriage day was set and each chief was to bring his daughter to the Council House of the tribe where the young brave lived. The young brave was to come to the same place with his horses, bows and arrows, beads, and tobacco.

On the wedding day the four chiefs with their daughters were waiting in the Council House for the young Indian. Looking out into the distance they could see the young Indian brave coming down the trail leading four ponies with packs upon their backs. Upon his arrival at the meeting place the young man stepped up to one of the chiefs, took his daughter by the hand, giving him in trade an Indian pony, a bow and arrow, some beads, and tobacco. Then he went to the next chief for his daughter but this is where the trouble began. Each chief wanted to be first as he thought the first one was getting the better of the bargain.

The young Indian stopped and made a long speech in his language to the four Indian chiefs. He told them that he was able to take these Indian princesses as his wives and furnish them a good home, make them happy, and they would rear noble sons and daughters. This satisfied all the Indian chiefs so each one of them gave his daughter to the young Indian and received in return all that had been promised.

There was a large feast prepared for all the people present. After everyone had eaten of the food, the young Indian brave with his four Indian princesses stepped before the Miami Indian Chief to have the marriage ceremony performed.

"Will you perform the marriage ceremony for me?" the young brave asked his Chief.

The Chief took the brave and his four lovely princesses inside his tent and there he told them what they must do to have a happy life together. After the council with the Chief, they all came back out in front of the Chief's tepee. Indian blankets were placed around the young Indian brave and his princesses, thus making them as one. All five Indians had to be placed together under one blanket to fulfill the requirements of the wedding ceremony. After this had been done the Indian brave led his four wives, two on each hand, off to his tepees.

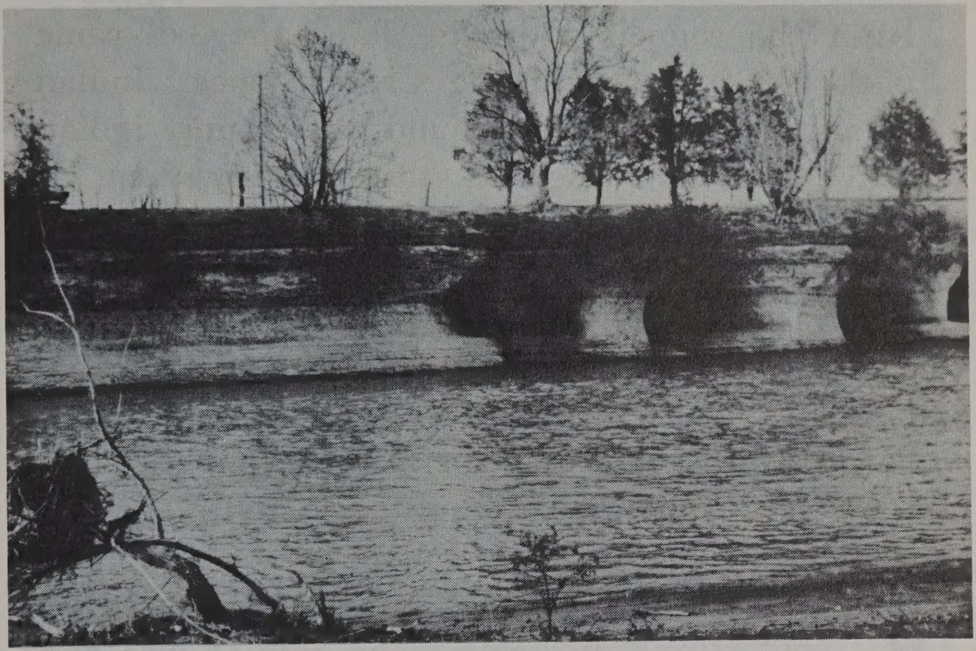
Afterwards, the four chiefs of the four different tribes formed a circle around the campfire and discussed this young Indian brave.

One Indian chief said, "He must be a possessor of a very strong medicine to be able to woo and support four wives."

Another Indian chief said, "He has a very strong personality and is worthy of being ranked among the noted Indians of our tribe."

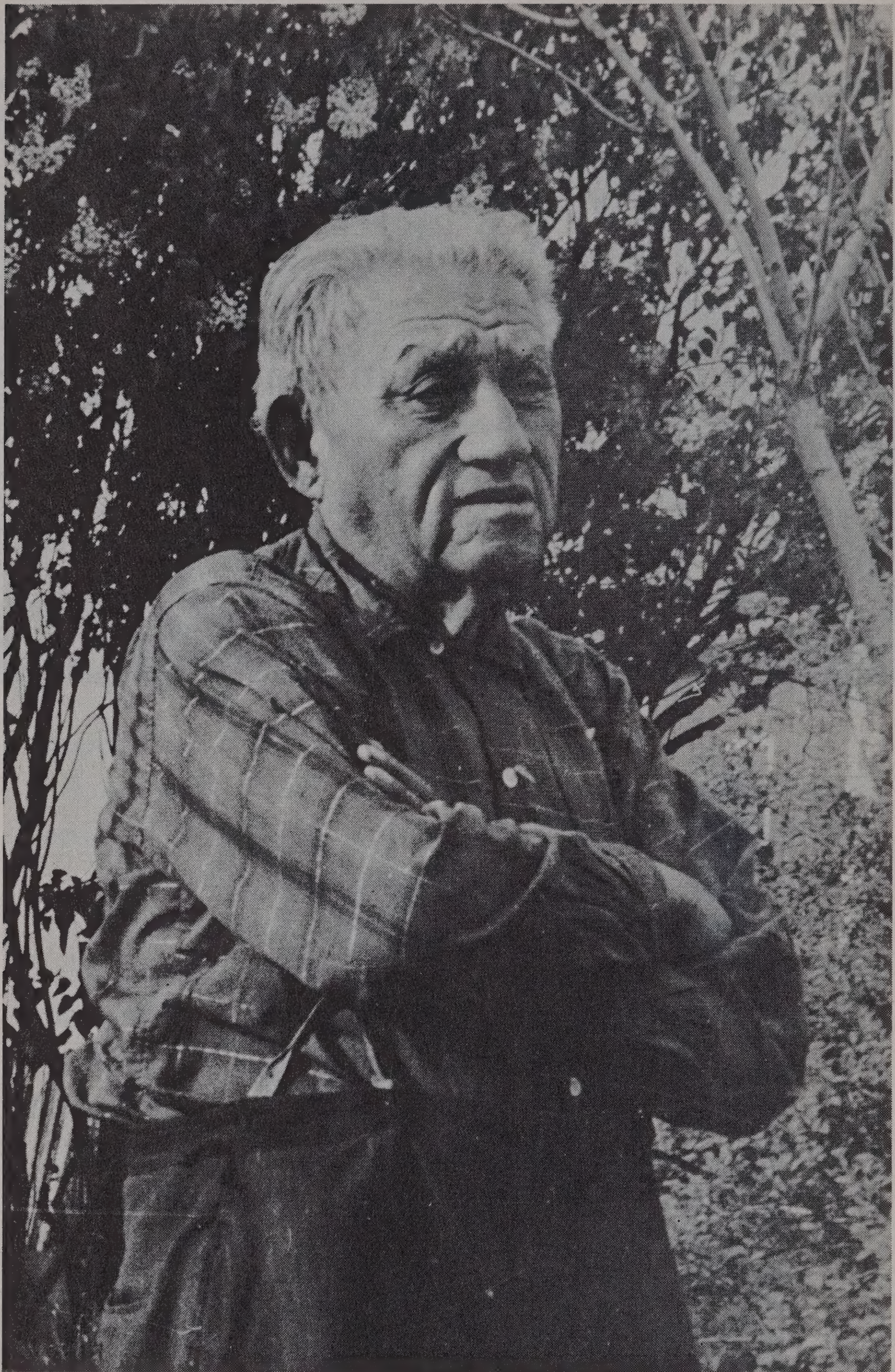
The oldest chief of the four said, "Any young Indian brave who can talk us out of our daughters and takes all four of them upon himself to support deserves to receive the highest rank that we can bestow upon him."

Therefore, the young Miami Indian brave raised himself in the eyes of his tribesmen. Forever after he held a high seat in the council meetings and had a voice in the government of his tribe.



The Seven Pillars

Ko-pah-pwah (Barn on Clarence Godfroy's Farm)



Chief Godfroy Telling the Stories

PART III

Miami Indian Customs and Beliefs

Duties of the Indian Women

The Miami Indian women possessed a sort of picturesque beauty. It was interesting to watch the squaws at work. Their leisure work was principally making moccasins or leggings. The character of this work required a great quantity of different colored ribbon. When the leggings were finished and the Indians wore them combined with the many colored garments and capes which were adorned with large circular ornaments of silver, they commanded the attention of everyone.

When the Indians were getting ready to make an encampment for the night, the Indian men would tether the ponies to be sure they could not get away. The squaws, in the meantime, would find the saplings for the tent poles. After they had carried these back to the camp they would find a few younger trees to be used as forks on which to hang the essential pots for cooking the venison or bear meat from which they made their savory soup.

All the culinary operations were performed by the squaws. They chopped the wood for the fires and fetched the water from the springs. When the tribe was ready to start a new journey, the squaws would even saddle all the horses. With the Indian squaws doing all this work there was nothing left for the men to do but hunt and sleep or seek recreation otherwise as their feelings and inclinations dictated.

The life of an Indian squaw was a hard one. It was no wonder that they looked so aged and worn-out long before they were very old.

How to Dispel the Fear of a Storm

There was once a very beautiful Miami Indian maiden who was quite afraid of storms. She was so afraid of storms that she was miserable every time it started to thunder and lightning. One of the old squaws in the tribe said to the girl, "Don't be afraid of storms. Just listen and do what I tell you to do and you will no longer be afraid."

"All right, tell me what to do to get rid of my fear of storms. I will do anything you tell me to," said the Indian maiden.

"First of all you must offer a few simple words of prayer to the Storm God," said the old Indian woman. "After you have completed your prayer you must place an Indian axe in the doorway of your tepee. Be sure the axe is turned toward the darkest cloud in the sky," she added. After a slight pause the Indian woman continued, "Within twenty minutes after you have laid the axe towards the darkest cloud in the storm your fear of the storm should leave your mind. As you watch the clouds, they will split to please the Storm God and then the fear you had will be gone with the splitting of the clouds."

"Thank you so much. I will try what you have told me, but suppose after I have done these things which you have suggested I still have my fear—what then?" asked the Indian girl.

The old Indian sqauw said, "If after twenty minutes you still have your fear of storms, the Storm God isn't going to act and you will have to wait until another time when he is pleased enough with you to dispel your fears."

The Indians lived by faith in their beliefs and superstitions.

Indian an Excellent Swimmer

When the Indians lived in their natural state, both the male and female could swim, for they were taught this when they were very, very young. Often squaws would swim the river with a papoose on their backs so it became natural for a child to learn to swim at a very early age. Swimming was second nature to an Indian.

The Indian's way of swimming was somewhat different from that of the pale-face. The Indian, when swimming, throws his body alternately from one side to the other. He raises one arm out of the water and reaches as far forward as possible, while the other arm has the same motion as it goes down into the water. Repeating this motion causes a propelling power which helps the person become a better swimmer.

This way of swimming may seem very awkward to the person who is not used to it. The Indians believed that when one had mastered the situation one could swim with more ease, wouldn't tire so quickly, and would be less likely to injure the chest.

The Indians were good swimmers. They took pride in doing things well. Swimming was just one of the many sports in which the Indians excelled.

Indian Horse Medicine

According to Indian tradition there were no horses in America before the pale-face came here. When the pale-face, Desoto, who was a Spaniard, came to this country from Europe, he brought a shipload of horses. These horses were turned loose in the forest. As time went on there were many, many, many horses in this country. The pale-face permitted the horses to wander about in the forest in order to get their own food. Soon they became wild horses and not tame anymore.

As time went by the Indians came into contact with these wild horses. The Indians in those days could run like deer. They could jump upon a horse's back when it was running at its fastest speed. They caught many of these wild horses in this manner.

After the horses were caught they had to be tamed. The old Indian's way of taming a horse was to cut a piece off the bony-like substance which grows on the inside of its front leg between the knee and the breast. The old Indians would let the horse smell this bony-like substance. This seemed to please the horse. Then the Indians would hobble the horse and blow their breath into the horse's nostrils. They kept this up for several days until the wild horse became a tame one.

The Indians said, "The wildest and meanest horse can be tamed by using this method. If you don't believe it, just try it!"

Indian Ways and Beliefs of Burial

The Indians always kept their dead people for three days and nights. They believed the spirit did not leave the body until sometime during the third day. On the evening of the third day a short ceremony was held over the body and then it was taken to its burial place. The Indians buried their dead in a hole in the cliff, or in a hollow log, or even in a hammock hanging in a tree. This hammock was made from the bark of the trees. The body was placed in the hammock and then was hung high enough in the tree so that it could not be molested by the wild animals. Other times the Indians would bury their dead in a shallow grave which was dug in the ground. Bark was laid on the ground and the body was placed upon this bark. Strips of bark were then placed over the body until it was entirely covered. Then the body was lowered into the grave.

The relatives of the dead Indian would go each day to the grave and take food to the dead body until it started to decay. When this happened the relatives felt that the Great Spirit was taking care of their loved one and they would take food no more to the grave.

In later years the Indians buried their loved ones in coffins which they made themselves. They would cut down a big tree and cut it into small logs. The Indians slabbed off the top of a log. The coffin was made by hewing out the inner part of the log so that the hollow would fit the body of the person who was to be placed in it. The top slab was replaced and pinned down with wooden pegs which the Indians had also made. The coffin was taken to the Indian burial ground where it was placed on top of the ground until a hole was dug for the coffin.

Several of the Indian's possessions, such as beads, bows and arrows, dishes, pottery, and jewelry were placed in the grave with the coffin. The Indians believed that the dead person would need his belongings when he reached "The Happy Hunting Grounds" therefore many personal possessions were buried with the Indian.

A long pole resembling a flag staff was planted a few feet from where the body was buried. From the top of this pole a little white flag was placed so that as the wind blew the white flag fluttered in the breeze. The Indians believed the white flag would tell the Great Spirit where they were buried when he came to earth hunting for them.

The Indian women passed the grave in a circular fashion, each throwing a small clod of dirt on the coffin. Then the men followed the same ceremony. The grave was then filled with loose dirt, logs were placed on the grave, and the Indians left the spot in gloomy silence. The little white flag fluttered in the wind.

A Miami Indian Superstition About Pleasing the Spirits

In the early days before the coming of the white man, the Indians were very superstitious. If an Indian princess cooked more food than the family could eat at mealtime, it was kept during the rest of the day. After the sunset in the evening the Indians would not eat any food that was left from the day's meals.

The old time Indians said, "After dark the dead Indian spirits will come and taste the food and then it is unfit for eating. You see the dead spirits want only the shadows of the food. So we give all the left-over food to the dogs after the spirits have touched it."

The Indians thought that any Indian who would eat of the left-over food after sundown would surely get very sick and probably die. Sometimes the disbelieving Indians would even get hurt in some manner which would cause them great trouble all the rest of their lives. This illness or injury would be the Indian's punishment for his disobedience to the dead spirits.

The Miami Indians believed that often an Indian who ate left-over food after the spirits had touched it would have a stroke of paralysis. This disease would be caused by the dead spirit touching the disbeliever to show the man that the beliefs of the Indians were true and he should have paid attention to them.

Chief Godfroy said, "There are not many Indians today who are afflicted with paralysis or some other lingering disease because the Indians now have learned to try to please the spirits of the dead Indians of their tribe."

Another superstition of the Miami Indian about eating food was if any food was dropped while it was being eaten the Indians would not pick it up as they thought the dead spirits wanted the food, otherwise it wouldn't have dropped. When they had finished eating the food, the part that was left was always put outside on a log or a stone so that a bird or an animal could eat it. The Indians did not believe in destroying food as they had seen the pale-faces do when they had burned their garbage. The Miami Indian felt that the white people were very wasteful with their food.

The Indian was quite superstitious about eating after dark. The Red Men believed that the dead spirits would be very angry if they ate in the dark, therefore they always ate when it was daylight. If the dead spirits became angry with an Indian because he had eaten after dark, since this was the time that the dead spirits ate, they would cause the Indian's head to turn sideways and his neck and face to become all twisted out of shape.

Today when a Miami Indian sees a man with a twisted face or neck he says, "There is a man who has gone against the wishes of the Great Spirit. He has eaten in the dark which has caused a dead spirit to get mad at him. The dead spirit is punishing the Indian in this manner."

The Naming of an Indian Papoose

The Miami Indians had an unusual custom of naming their babies. The first live object the Indian mother saw after the birth of her baby was the name she gave to her child. The live object was usually an animal. This is the reason the Indians had names like Red Horse, Big Bear, Red Fox, Big Buck, Little Turtle, Running Deer, Gray Eagle, and many other such animal names.

Often the mother saw a bird or some object which pertained to the uplifting of the child's life. Then the child received such names as, Big Moon, Swiftbird, Red Wing, White Cloud, Black Hawk, Moon Dog, Swiftfoot, Laughing Water, and many other similar names.

Old Indian Beliefs

The Indians believed when they were hungry and had nothing to eat or did not know where they were going to get something to eat, they should lie down in a quiet place and go to sleep. While they were asleep they would dream of a way they could find something to eat. In their dreams some way would always be provided for their needs. When they awakened they would be made aware of that way.

One time an Indian was hungry. It was cold and game was scarce. There came a drouth and there was a scarcity of corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. He did not know what to do. Just then he remembered what his mother had told him, so he lay down and went to sleep. He dreamed that his son, who lived far away came to visit him and brought him food. Sure enough, when he awakened in the morning, his son was there.

The Indians were strong believers in the power of dreams.

Old Indian Customs and Beliefs

If an Indian took something from a graveyard he had to bring more back to it than he took.

An Indian who was a guest in someone's home never ate cooked food unless the hands that prepared it ate some of the food first because it might be poisoned.

The Miami Indians sprinkled certain herbs over their bodies because they believed these herbs had the power to keep them from harm. In addition certain herbs sprinkled on the body would keep the witches away.

The Indians never picked up any food which had been dropped while they were eating it because some dead spirit wanted this food.

The Indians believed that washing their face and hands in cold water would keep them from having wrinkles.

When a friendly Indian visited in the house of a stranger he always gave a large piece of meat to the housewife. This meat was to be prepared for the meal which they were to eat together.

When a friendly Indian left the home of the person he was visiting he always gave the family an Indian gift to show them his appreciation for their hospitality. He also wished the family good luck and best wishes.

When a very mean white man or an Indian man worked or lived in a good Indian man's home, Ji-py-ie, a dead spirit, left his mark upon a tree, fence post, or some other object to show the good Indian that this person was unfit to live or work in the home of such a good person.

The Indians believed that if an owl came to their home and settled in a tree they had better be careful, especially if the owl made a noise while he was in the tree. If the owl kept coming back again and again he was no good. The Indians believed the owl was the son of a witch, therefore the owl might be coming to the Indian's home to bewitch some member of the family. The Indians always killed all owls.

The Indians believed if they carried a potato in their pocket until it became dry and hard like a stone it was a sure cure for rheumatism. The Miami Indians thought that another cure for rheumatism was to wear a brass ring on their middle finger for several weeks.

The Indians believed that if the shuck on an ear of corn was loosely folded about it, the winter would be mild. But if the shuck was tight, the winter would be a long, cold, and hard one.

The Miami Indians would not eat in the dark because it displeased the dead spirits.

It was the custom among the Miami Indians to always ride their horses single file, one behind the other as they traveled on their journeys. This way the Indians could watch for their enemies in a better manner.

Tribal Sign of the Miami Indians

The different Indian tribes believed they were originated from some form of lower animals. The Miami Indians of the Wabash County area believed they came from the turkey. Near the little town of La Fontaine, Indiana, on the site of the Miami Indian Reservation there is a foot of a turkey carved on a large boulder. The foot of the turkey was the tribal sign of this group of Miami Indians.

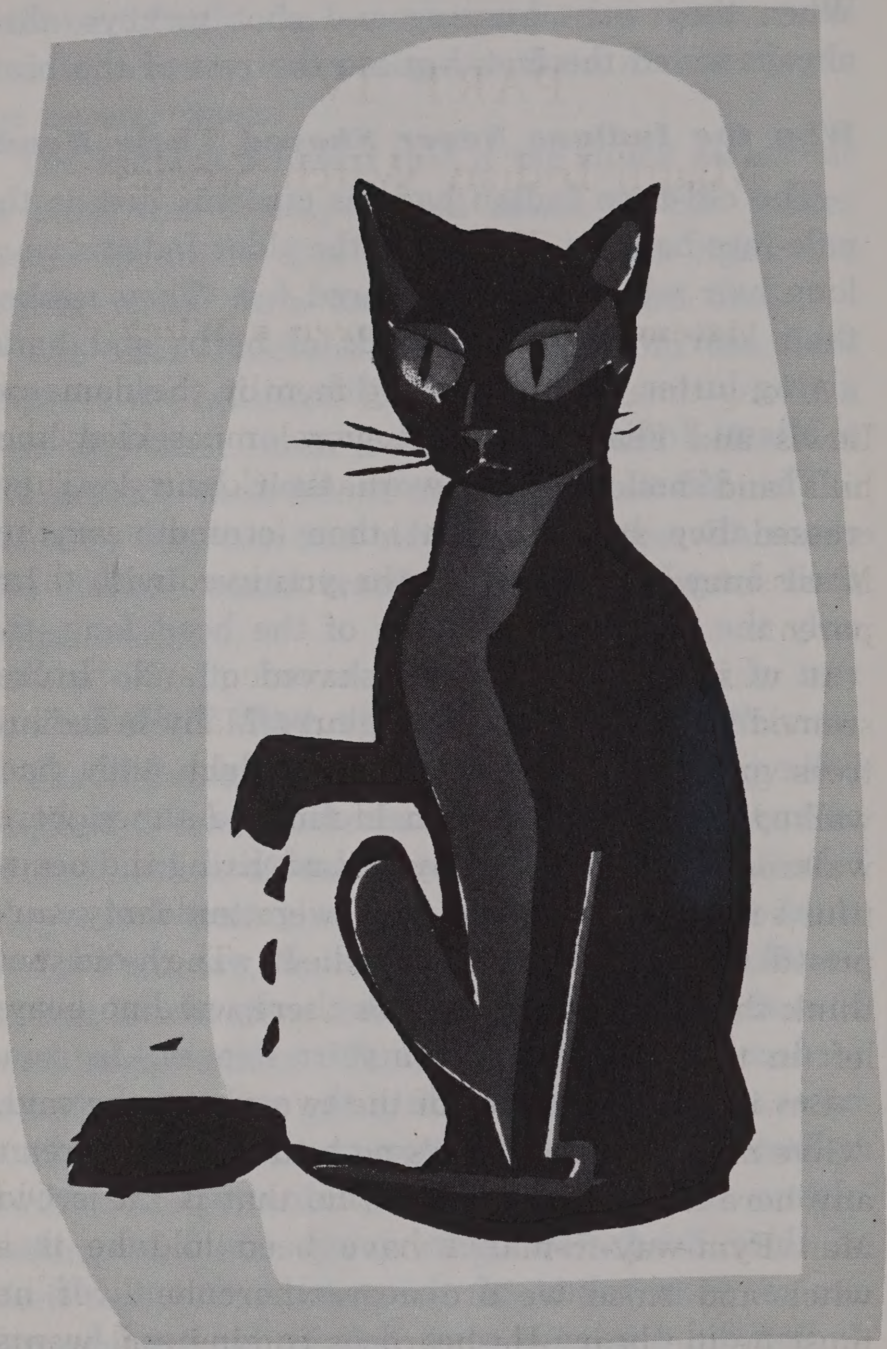
Many of the Miami Indians used turkey feathers in their headdresses. Several of the Indians carried turkey feet with them as good luck charms. In their tepees, the turkey foot could be found in some form in their beadwork, in their wood carving, or in their craft work of different kinds.

The turkey was a very important animal to them. When they went hunting and shot turkeys, they always saved the feet, but ate the rest of the bird.

Why the Indians Never Shaved Their Heads

The old-time Indian had his customs just as the pale-face had his. Nearly all the older Indians wore long hair which was well-cared for. They rubbed their hair with certain kinds of herbs and bark, giving luster, strength, and life to it. Seldom was a Miami Indian seen with gray or speckled hair.

The Miami Indians wore their hair long because they believed that their strength was in their long hair. Some of the younger Indians left only the hair on the crown of the head long, the rest of it was cut short or shaved off. No Indian warrior ever wore his hair all cut off. These Indians believed that if they got into a fight with their enemy and were killed their foe had the right to take their scalps. If the Miami had his hair so short that his scalp couldn't be gotten that would be taking an unfair advantage. It was the custom that the victor would use the scalp of his enemy to decorate his trousers or shirt sleeves. In some cases a necklace was made of the scalps the savages collected. This was the reason the Miami Indians always left a little piece of hair upon the crown of their heads—so their victors could take their scalps as a token of their achievement. If an Indian did not leave some hair on his head he was branded a coward by the other warriors.



The Cat

PART IV

Miami Indian Witch Stories

Attempting to Discover a Witch

A long time ago two young men by the name of Lewis and Frank walked several miles over the hills and hollows of the Miami Country. They crossed two streams to a home located near the Mississinewa River where two girls lived with their parents.

It was a bright moon-lit evening and nature seemed to be in its height of glory. Many beautiful trees grew along the path over which they had walked many times in their lifetime. As they were walking along the pathway and admiring the beautiful scenes about them, they were suddenly surprised to see a bear before them. They did not think this could be possible as there were no bears left in this particular locality.

Lewis was the braver of the two men so he said, "Give me your gun. That's no bear for there aren't any here anymore. I know who that is. It is Old Man Pym-way-to-ma. I have been told he is a witch and since we are near where he lives he must be the bear. He heard us coming and wants to scare us."

After Frank gave Lewis his gun he picked up some large stones lying nearby and threw them at the bear. The bear knew that the men were trying to attack him so he whirled and started running away as fast as he could. Lewis was trying to shoot the bear with the gun and Frank was trying to hit the bear with the rocks. Mr. Bear knew what was good for him so he kept right on running as fast as he could. Of course, Lewis and Frank were right behind the bear trying to catch it. Finally, Mr. Bear came to an old shack that had been used for boiling sugar water and he ran into it.

Frank said to his friend, "We are done for now. You know we have always been told that when a witch finds shelter he is safe."

Lewis replied, "Yes, our parents and grandparents have told us this fact. But let us pay no attention to what we have been told. We will go ahead and try to get the witch out of the shed. I will stand by the door and you, Frank, go around the house and see if you can find another opening."

"There are no more openings," said Frank.

"I will go in and chase Mr. Bear out through the front door. When he comes out, you catch him and hold him until I get out to help you."

Soon Lewis came out of the shed and said that he had searched all through the shed and could not find any trace of Mr. Bear.

Frank said, "Here are some matches. Gather some dry sticks and make a blaze. After the fire gets going good you go inside and lock the door so the bear cannot get out."

Lewis did all that Frank told him to do but still they could not see Mr. Bear. As the two men left the shed they smelled brimstone burning. Just at that moment someone laughed at them from the nearby hill. Neither one of the young men said anything for quite a long time.

Finally, Lewis said, "All right, Pym-way-to-ma, you got away this time but I promise you that you won't be so lucky the next time!"

The young men went back to their homes and told their story to their people. The other Indian braves in the tribe took up the hunt but no bears were ever seen. The Indians were sure that Pym-way-to-ma was the bear they had chased but couldn't catch and that he was a witch.

The two men believed that only witches had the power to turn themselves into the form of an animal.

Discovering a Witch

Mr. Bundy, a Miami Indian descendant, and the manager of a flour mill, hired a man to operate his business at night. The hired man, Sam Davis, who was a Miami Indian, always ate his lunch at midnight. When it was time for lunch a large black cat would come into the mill and jump upon the table where he ate his meal. Every night the black cat would snatch a piece of meat from his lunch bucket. It made no difference how carefully Sam watched, the black cat always managed to get one piece of meat.

One evening when Sam Davis went to work he took a butcher knife with him. As he started to eat his lunch in the middle of the night the black cat came for its piece of meat. He quickly picked up the butcher knife and threw it at the cat, cutting off a large part of its front foot. Sam picked up the foot and laid it upon the window sill of the flour mill.

The next morning when Sam went home he found his wife sick in bed. She had her hand all wrapped up.

Sam said to his wife, "What has happened to you?"

His wife replied, "You should know. You did this to me."

"I did this to you? I should know? What in the world are you talking about? You were all right when I left for work last night," Sam answered.

His wife did not make any more comments so Sam said nothing more about the matter, either.

At noon the manager of the flour mill came to the hired man's door with a part of a woman's hand in a box. Sam opened the door when Mr. Bundy knocked.

"I found this upon the window sill at the flour mill this morning. How in the world did it get there?" he asked.

After examining the part of the woman's hand, Sam exclaimed, "This is my wife's hand! I recognize it because the ring I gave her last year is still on her middle finger."

Both men went into the room where the sick woman lay in bed and asked to see her hand. She refused to show them her injured hand.

"Show me your hand!" Sam ordered his wife.

"That is my hand Mr. Bundy is holding," Mrs. Davis said. "You have caught yourself a witch. I was hungry several times when I was a witch and wanted something to eat. That is why I tried to get pieces of meat from your lunch bucket at midnight when you took time off to eat your lunch while you were working at the flour mill."

"That is too bad!" said the hired man. "You know the fate of a witch if they are caught, don't you?"

"Yes, I do!" the hired man's wife said sadly.

"You rest assured that I will take care of this matter immediately, Mr. Bundy," said Sam Davis, the hired man.

"Very well," answered Mr. Bundy. "Be sure you do it soon. The longer you wait the harder it will be to do and the more damage she might be able to do as a witch."

So late that night Sam Davis had the unpleasant task of killing his wife who had been a witch for a long time without her husband knowing about it.

How the Owl Was Derived from the Devil's Fate

Two devils, a She-devil and a He-devil, lived upon a very high hill. All the Indians were afraid of these devils and would not go near them. From time to time the He-devil would come down from the hill to steal Indians and take them prisoners. Whenever a He-devil caught any Indian and took him prisoner, all the Red Race knew it was no use to try to get him away from the devils, for this had been tried many times and failed. The He-devil stole many, many Indians until only a few were left in the vicinity.

One day a Mr. Fox came into the country. He soon learned what had happened to so many of the Indians. After hearing the story, Mr. Fox decided to climb the very high hill so he could see where the devils lived and also learn what the devils were doing with the Indians. When he had seen the devils, Mr. Fox came back home. He started thinking what he should do to stop these two devils from taking so many of the Indians prisoners and killing them.

After studying over this matter for several days he decided to disguise himself and wander back to where the devils lived. He got a nice buffalo robe and several deer hoofs. Mr. Fox tied the dried deer hoofs around his legs so that when he walked they would make a rattling noise. He wrapped himself in the buffalo robe and went to see the two devils at their home.

When Mr. Fox reached the devil's home, he saw the She-devil throw a captured Indian into a large flaming pit. He learned that the He-devil had gone to capture another Indian. While Mr. Fox was walking the She-devil heard a rattling and squeaking noise. She wondered why Mr. Fox made such a rattling noise as he walked. She liked to hear it and wanted to learn how to make the same noise. She asked the fox how he made this noise. Mr. Fox told her she could make the same noise if she would do as he directed her.

The She-devil promised Mr. Fox that she would do anything he wanted her to do.

He said, "Come with me and I shall place tar all over your body. Then I shall place a buffalo robe about you and we shall walk to the pit where you burned the Indians."

When they had reached the pit the She-devil said, "Mr. Fox, I am not learning to make the rattling noise as you did."

Mr. Fox told her she had not completed her task yet.

At this moment Mr. Fox pushed the She-devil into the pit. Since the witch was covered with tar she was soon aflame and was burned just as her captives had been. This was the end of the She-devil.

Mr. Fox looked up and saw the He-devil coming with an Indian. Mr. Fox knew he had a duty that must be done.

He said, "I have thrown your wife into the burning pit."

The old He-devil raved and was very angry.

Then Mr. Fox threw off his buffalo robe and he was a man. "I was sent here by the Great Spirit to stop you people from killing off the Miami Indians. You have done wrong, however I will not kill you."

He picked up a handful of ashes and dashed them over the old man. Quickly the He-devil was turned into an owl who flew away immediately.

This is the reason why today the Indians say, "The owl is the son of a witch!"

Death by Witchery?

Soon after Me-shing-o-me-shia was made chief over the Miami Indians of Grant, Miami, and Wabash counties many of the Indians decided they wanted to become citizens and live like the white man. Me-shing-o-me-shia and a number of Grant county Indians came to call upon the Godfroy Band of Miami Indians who lived on the Mississinewa and Wabash Rivers. They asked these Indians to join them in this movement of becoming civilized.

Gabriel Godfroy was chosen chief after his father, Francis Godfroy, died.

When Chief Gabriel Godfroy was asked what he thought about this movement he did not approve.

"The time is not here for my band of Indians to become citizens and live like white men," he said. Because my father, Chief Francis Godfroy would not join, I, Chief Gabriel Godfroy will not join Chief Me-shing-o-me-shia and his band of Indians in this movement either.

Chief Me-shing-o-me-shia became very angry and said, "We shall go by ourselves." They became citizens and the government granted their citizenship to them in the year 1881.

Me-shing-o-me-shia and his band were very angry because the Godfroy Indians wouldn't join the movement. They became spiteful and mean. The Godfroy Indians believed that the Grant county Indians used their witchcraft on them. It did look as if some kind of prank was being played because between the years 1872 and 1878 the Godfroy Band of Indians died like flies.

The older heads of the Godfroy Band of Miami Indians said, "Something must be done!"

They held a council and decided that Chief Me-shing-o-me-shia and his Indians were using witchcraft upon their people. Among the Godfroy Band there were Indians who knew how to use witchcraft.

These Indians said, "We will attend to that matter!"

Sometime when you visit the Indian cemetery near Jalapa, Indiana, be sure to notice the number of markers that were put up in the year 1879. In addition many other Indians who died during that year did not have markers placed at their graves.

Several Miami Indians said, "While we do not believe in witchery we cannot understand why so many Indians died in such a short time."

They often spoke of this incident as a great mystery.

Witchin'

All Indians were superstitious people and the Miami Indians were no exception. One evening a Miami Indian brave and his wife started to bed and found a frog under the covers. They took the frog out and put it in a jar. The Indians believed if the frog was a witch he would get out of the jar and be gone by morning and if he wasn't a witch he would still be in the jar when morning came. Sure enough when the Indian man and his wife looked in the jar in the morning the frog was gone. They knew then that they had been witched. That the frog was really a witch was later verified for the Indian couple when the wife died very suddenly and mysteriously. The husband decided to try to find out who the witch was so he placed guards around his wife's body. No one came around before the funeral ceremonies. After she was buried two men were appointed to watch the grave for the first forty-eight hours. The men lay flat on their stomachs on top of the grave, not moving a muscle for fear the witch might see them and not make itself known.

The Indians believed that when a witch came to the grave of someone who was witched it would take something that belonged to that person. The vigil was kept all through the night. Just as the sun was coming up the next morning the two Indian men heard a red bird whistling in the bushes nearby. It flew to the grave and was just ready to swoop down on it when one of the men moved and scared the bird away. Therefore, the Indians believed that the red bird was the witch and had been sent by the person who was trying to witch the Indian man and woman. However, the witch had successfully escaped its captors this time, but the Indians were sure they would catch it the next time.

Witch's Death

An old, old Indian man was very sick and knew that he was going to die. One day a young Indian friend of his came to visit him.

The sick man said to his young friend, "I am a witch and have caused many, many persons to die. If only I had my life to live over again I would not be a witch. The devil is here by my bedside waiting for me to die."

The sick man thought he knew what his fate would be when he died so he fought to live as long as he could. The young Indian man noticed that different expressions would come upon his friend's face and so he assumed that a terrible fate awaited him after his death. It seemed that at times the old man would be dead for ten minutes at a time and then suddenly he would arouse himself.

He would open his eyes and say to his friend, "I just can't leave this earth!" This happened several times.

For a week the old Indian lived this way, more dead than alive. Then one day the old Indian man looked straight into the face of the younger man but did not say a single word. He made a loud groaning noise such as the younger Indian had never heard. Suddenly the groan left the old man's body and seemed to die away in the distance. The old Indian man was dead.

The Indians always wondered what would be the fate of the old Indian who was a witch. Would the Great Spirit forgive the Indian and take him to the Happy Hunting Grounds with all the other good Indians? This is a question which has never been answered for the Indians.

A Witch Story

When the witches began to decrease in number they would try to find new candidates for witchery. The old witches would mingle among the Indians, talking witchcraft to them until they had several people who were willing and ready to learn how to become a witch.

The candidates were put through very severe tests and some of the Indians were not able to endure all that was expected of them. If any of the candidates decided before or during the testing that they did not want to be a witch they were permitted to drop out but they did not dare tell on the other witches or they would be killed. When four or five candidates had volunteered to take the tests, the witches made Big Medicine and prepared it for the ritual of witchcraft. The medicine was given several times to the candidates before the final test in order to increase their faith.

The witches would take the candidates to a high cliff where a blanket was placed on the ground near its edge. One of the candidates would lie down on the blanket and four witches would take hold of each corner and raise it into the air. They would swing it around and around, always keeping time with the rhythm of the witch song which was being sung throughout the entire testing program. If the candidate's faith failed before the witches completed their witch song he must cry out loudly, "I don't want to be a witch!" Then he was safely let down on the ground and another candidate was tried and so on until the entire group of candidates had been tested. When the song was completed two of the witches would let go of two ends of the blanket nearest the edge of the cliff and the candidate would sail out into space. Before he reached the ground below he must turn himself into some kind of a bird and fly away to the next instructor. The candidate was expected to go from one witch teacher to another until he had completed all his lessons. He was then permitted to go back home as a full-fledged witch capable of performing any kind of witchcraft.

The Indians believed that once a person was a witch he was always a witch.

A Witch Story

Once upon a time a very beautiful Potawotamie Indian princess fell in love with a Miami Indian brave and they were married. They only lived together one year when the husband suddenly became ill and died. She soon married another Miami Indian brave and he, too, died in a short time after their marriage. Soon it became a known fact that the beautiful Potawotamie Indian princess was always able to get a husband any time she wanted one. She had been married five times and all of her husbands died very suddenly. She was so beautiful and popular that she was sought by many braves from the different surrounding Indian tribes. The Indians were quite concerned and puzzled because her husbands died so soon after they were married to her.

One day Swift Foot, a Cherokee Indian, came from a far western country to visit some friends in the Miami camp. Soon the Potawotamie princess heard of his visit in the Miami Indian village. She had just lost her fifth husband a few weeks before and she was quite interested in getting to know this handsome newcomer. She lost no time in meeting Swift Foot and soon she caused him to fall under her spell. After a short time they fell in love and were married. They lived quite happily together for several months.

One evening while all of the Indians of the tribe, including Swift Foot, were sitting around the campfire singing their Indian songs and telling their Indian stories, one of the Miami braves told the story of how this Indian princess got rid of so many of her husbands. Swift Foot listened very carefully to everything that was said about his wife but he was not afraid of her. After the stories were all told and the songs were all sung the Indians went to their tepees for the night.

Swift Foot said, "I must go to my home and take care of some unfinished business."

After a few minutes Swift Foot went to each of the other Indian's tepees and invited all the Indians to come to his home so he could show them something. When the Indians arrived at his tepee they looked inside and saw a very large snake with a badly battered head.

"What does all this mean, Swift Foot?" the Indians asked the Cherokee Indian.

Swift Foot answered, "This is why all the husbands of the princess have died. She turned into a large snake after she married them and squeezed them to death."

After a little while he continued, "She tried the same thing on me, but I placed my big medicine upon her."

Then Swift Foot reached behind the door and brought out a large club which he said he used to strike the snake's head.

Some of the Indians said, "This can't be the beautiful Indian princess."

Swift Foot said, "Oh, yes, it is!"

To prove that it was the princess, Swift Foot threw some of his big medicine on her and she immediately turned back into the beautiful princess.

Then Swift Foot said, "She is a witch!"

It was the custom in those days to kill a witch, but they decided not to kill her because she was so beautiful. The Indians watched her very closely all the time to be sure she could not get close to her witch bag. If she could reach her witch bag she could overcome the injuries inflicted to her head when Swift Foot had hit her with the club and she would be well again. Consequently, since she could get no help from her witch bag she soon died. This ended the story of the beautiful Potawotamie princess who had so many husbands. It also solved the mystery as to what had happened to all her husbands so quickly after they had married her.

After his wife's death, Swift Foot turned to the Miami Indians and said, "Now you know the reason why I came to your country. I wanted to catch this witch. Since I have caught and killed her, she can do you and your people no more harm."

The Witch's Death Sting

Years ago a Miami Indian couple and their young daughter lived on the banks of the Mississinewa River. One day the daughter became quite sick and died. The parents claimed their young daughter had been witched since she died so suddenly. The family wanted desperately to catch the witch.

A neighbor Indian man came into the family's home soon after their daughter's death. The parents told their story to their guest and asked him to help them catch the witch that had killed their daughter.

The neighbor Indian said, "I will try to catch the witch for you since I know something about witchery."

The man's father had taught him how to prepare medicine to be used upon a person's body so that a witch could not see him. Neither would the witch be able to recognize the Indian who was trying to catch it.

The Indian believed that when a person died it took three days for the spirit to leave the body. If the person died because it had been witched the witch had to come back and get a very small part from the body of the dead person, such as a small piece of the nose, ear, or finger, or else the witch would die, too. When an Indian died because of some kind of witchery medicine was always sprinkled over the body to keep the witches away. The strength of this medicine did not last long. People taking care of the body had to watch it closely because as soon as the power of the witch medicine was almost gone, the witch would creep into the room where the body was laid and grab a small piece, then the witch would quickly disappear. Of course the members of the family did not want the witch to get in touch with the dead body. The Indians believed that the witch could come in the form of any kind of an animal or bird.

The neighbor Indian planned a scheme to catch the witch. He pretended he was dead and lay down to wait for the witch. During the forepart of the night a female dog arrived to perform its work of witchery. The neighbor Indian did not try to kill the dog but he prevented it from getting a piece of the dead girl's body by shooting the dog with a bow and arrow. When the arrow hit the dog it ran away.

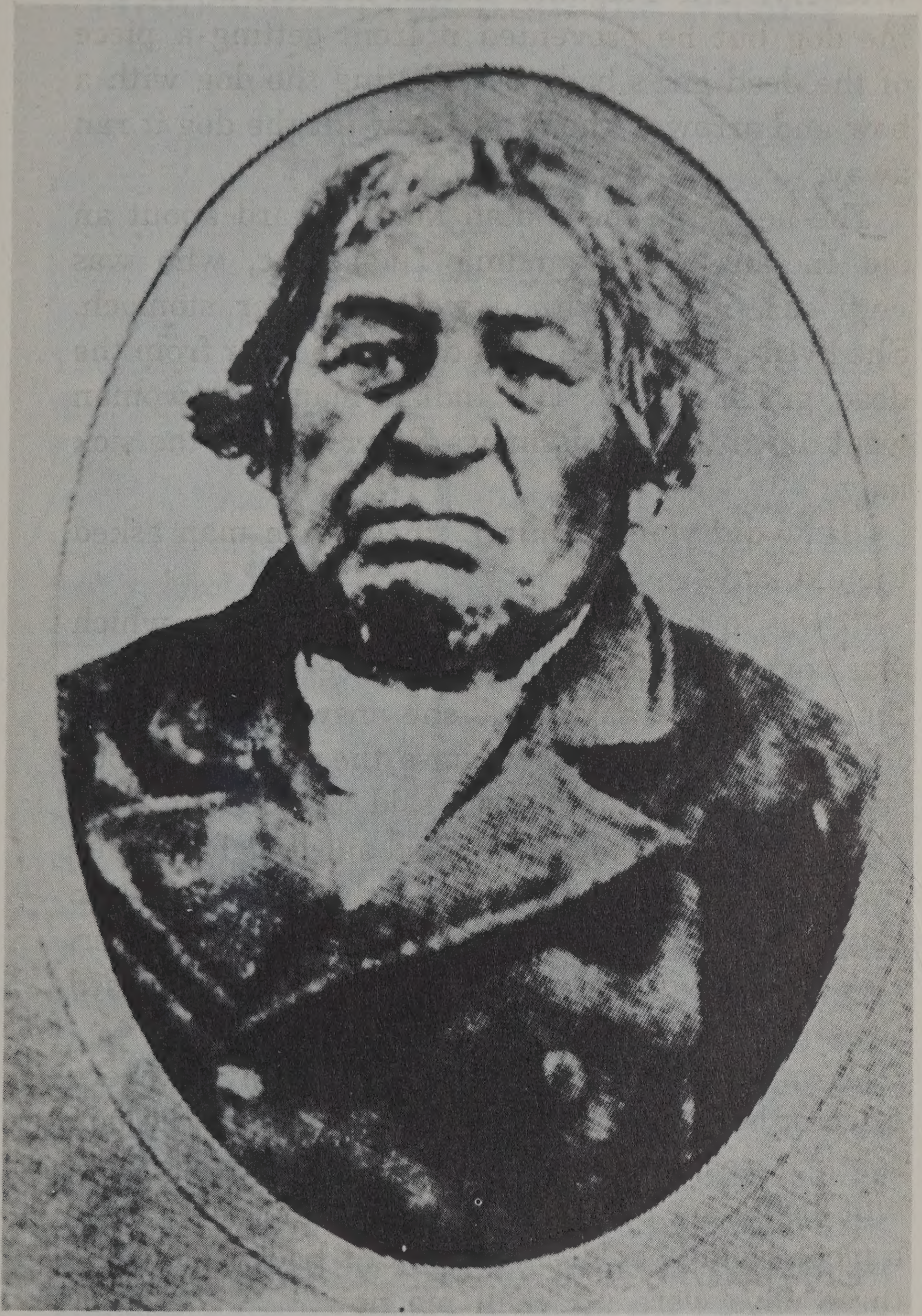
The next day the Indian family heard about an old Indian lady, Grandma Tuc-an-zac, who was very sick in bed with a wound in her stomach. She lived about three miles down the river from the dead girl's family. The Indian man and woman went down the Mississinewa River to visit the sick lady.

"How did you get hurt?" the Indian man asked the old lady.

"I was in the barn when I fell over a fork which was covered with hay. I didn't see it as it lay on the floor of the haymow," she answered them.

"The hay fork did not cause the wound in your stomach," the Indian man said to the old lady. "You are a witch and you killed our daughter. Our friend tricked you last night when you came to get a piece from the body of our dead daughter. He shot you with an arrow and that is what caused the wound in your stomach."

"You are right. I had hoped to keep my witchery a secret but now you have found out," the old lady said. It really doesn't make any difference as I will die before midnight since I was not able to get a piece from your dead daughter's body before the three days were up. Kill me now!"



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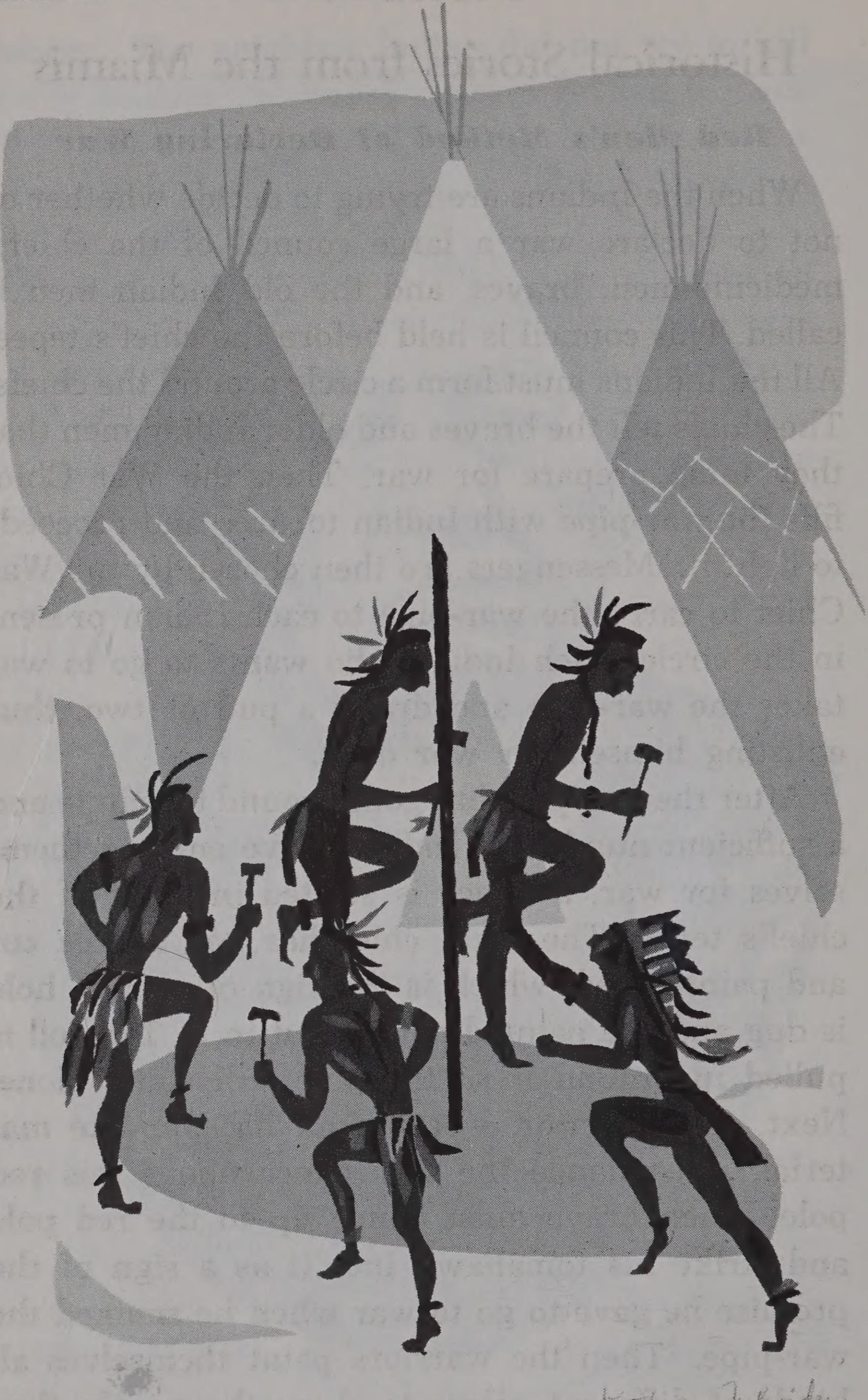


Indian War Dance

PART V

Historical Stories from the Miamis

Red Men's Method of Declaring War

When the Indians are trying to decide whether or not to declare war a large council of the chiefs, medicine-men, braves, and the old Indian men is called. This council is held before the chief's tepee. All the Indians must form a circle around the chiefs. The chiefs tell the braves and older Indian men that they must prepare for war. Then the War Chief fills the war-pipe with Indian tobacco and proceeds to light it. Messengers are then chosen by the War Chief to carry the war-pipe to each Indian present in the circle. Each Indian who wants to go to war takes the war-pipe and draws a puff or two, thus enlisting himself for war duty.

After the war-pipe has gone around the circle and a sufficient number of Indians have enlisted themselves for war, a dance is started in front of the chief's tepee. The main chief has had a pole cut and painted red, which is the sign of war. A hole is dug and the painted pole is put in it. The soil is pulled in around it so the pole will stand alone. Next, each warrior, wearing all his war-like material, must dance the war dance about this red pole. Each brave must dance up to the red pole and strike his tomahawk into it as a sign of the promise he gave to go to war when he smoked the war-pipe. Then the warriors paint themselves all kinds of different colors to show the people they meet they are angry and ready for war.

Battle of the Mississinewa

Captain Campbell of the U. S. Army was dispatched to capture or kill some renegade Indians who were molesting settlers in Grant County in the early pioneer days. He was carefully instructed to harm no Indians except the culprits mentioned. But he and his men heedlessly attacked a party of Indian braves who were on a hunting expedition near Marion. All but a few Indians, whom Campbell killed, escaped. They hid in a ravine near a bluff along the Mississinewa River in Wabash county. The soldiers rushed on by them and encamped.

Then the Indians, organized by Clarence Godfroy's grandfather, who was War Chief of the Miamis at that time, decided to surprise the soldiers. Although the Indians were far outnumbered, they placed themselves in positions completely surrounding the army camp. At given signals they opened fire. Many of them made numerous animal calls. The soldiers started shooting in the general direction of the calls. The Indians held their fire to a minimum until they thought the soldiers' ammunition was nearly gone. Then they charged. In desperation many of the soldiers rode their horses in retreat over a high bluff and into the Mississinewa River which was covered with ice. The horses broke their legs. Men were drowned and a general rout was achieved by the Indians.

Today a marker indicates the battleground. This is the Indian version of the battle as related by Clarence Godfroy.

Chief Clarence Godfroy's Description of His Great-Great-Grandmother and the Cabin in Which She Lived

Chief Godfroy described his great-great-grandmother as small in stature, being scarcely five feet in height. Her personal appearance suggested the possibility of her being a half-breed Pottowatomie woman, rather than a Miami squaw. Frances Slocum's face in later years bore the marks of deep seated lines. She had no indications on her face of unusual cares and trials, other than those which are characteristic of declining age. Though bearing some resemblance to her white family her cheek bones seemed to have the Indian characteristics—face broad, nose bulby, mouth indicating some degree of severity, although her eyes were pleasant and kind. Her hair, though originally a reddish-brown, was now a frosty white color. Her forehead was a mass of wrinkles and the muscles of her cheeks were a mixture of ridged and corded lines.

The Chief's favorite picture of his grandmother is one where she is dressed in a red calico "pes-mo-kin," or shirt, figured with large yellow and green designs. This garment is folded within the upper part of her "mech-a-ko-teh" or petticoat of black cloth which is bordered with red ribbon. Her legs are clothed with red faded leggins, winged with green ribbon; her feet are bare and moccasinless. Around her shoulders there is a black silk shawl held by a silver ornament. She has a few silver ear-bobs in her ears. She certainly makes a picturesque and unique appearance. No wonder Chief Godfroy values this picture.

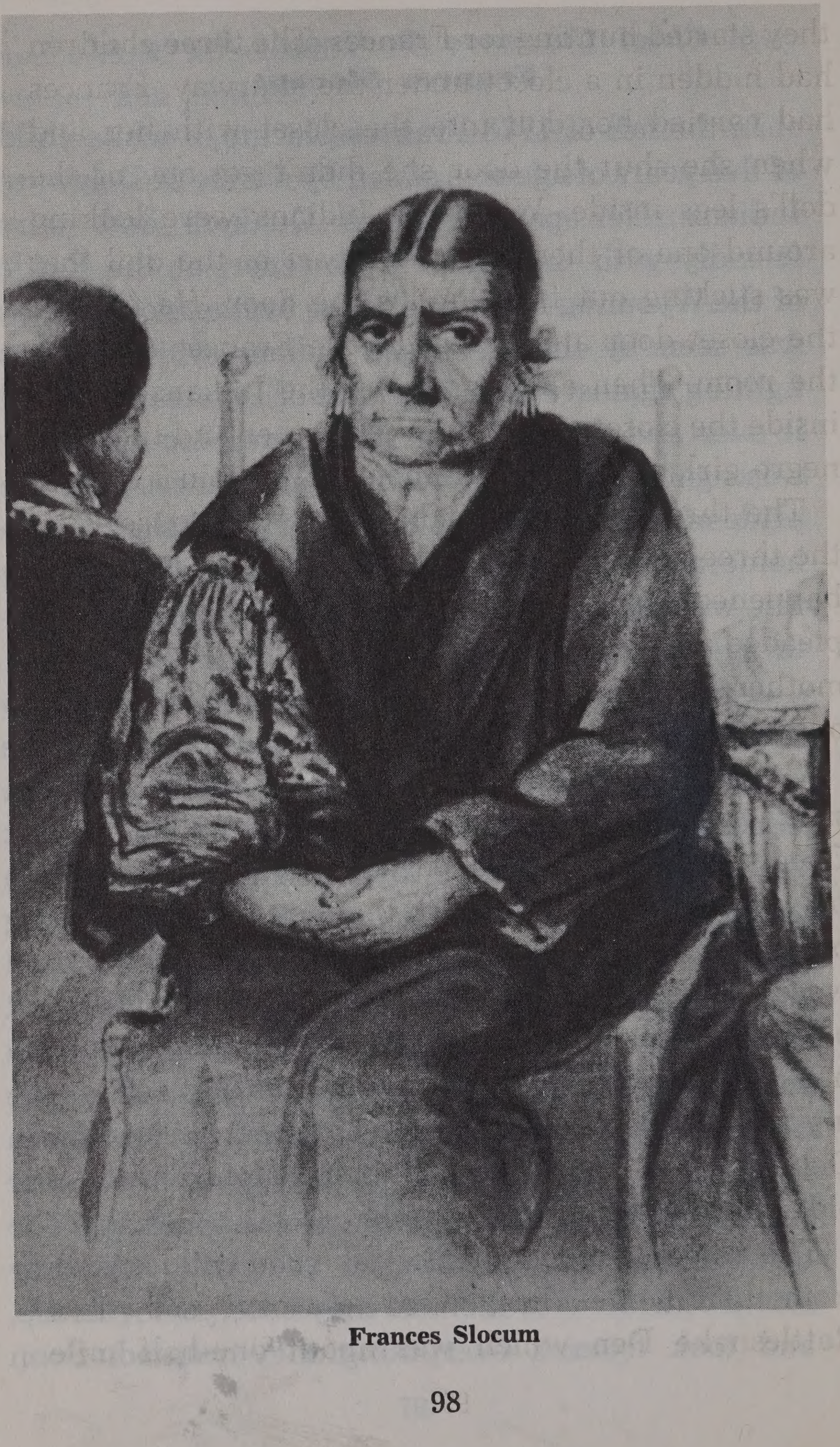
As to the cabin in which the white woman made her home, Chief Godfroy described it very well. The walls were double and made of logs. There was a large arch over the spacious fireplace, large enough to take a four-foot log. There were three bunks in the room. These took the place of bedsteads such as were commonly used by frontier people in their rude accomodations. To the left as you entered the room and near the door was a rude boarded structure where Frances Slocum slept. On the right side of the door were two other such structures, one where Captain Brouilette and his squaw, Kick-ke-se-qua slept and the other one was occupied by the younger daughter O-son-wa-pak-shin-quah. Matting similar to canvas was hung up smoothly between the three different bunks. Chief Godfroy said that when George Winters, the artist, came to paint his great-great-grandmother's picture, a bed was made for him on the floor in front of the fireplace and the matting was hung up between his bed and the beds of the other people. When Mr. Winters was ready to go to bed Frances, her daughters, and son-in-law all escorted him to bed. They waited until he lay down on his bed and then they went to their own bunks for the night.

This Miami Indian family had never before had a white person as an overnight visitor. Consequently, they were curious about him and he was just as curious about Frances's family.

Chief Clarence Godfroy's Story of Frances Slocum

In the fall of 1778 Frances Slocum, a white child of five years of age was stolen by a tribe of Delaware Indians. Her parents were Quakers and were friendly with the Indians. However, at the Battle of the Wyoming River one of the brothers of Frances was seen by the Delaware Indians while he was fighting against them. The tribe of Delawares talked it over and decided that the entire Slocum family was against them. Knowing that Frances was the pride of the family they decided to raid the Slocum home and take little Frances captive. They knew this would hurt the Slocum family more than anything else they could do.

A few days later three Delaware Indians went to the Slocum home. The father and the older son were in the field working. The mother and nine children were home. The one son who had fought against the Indians was outside the house grinding a knife on the grindstone, while a younger boy was playing on the ground. The Indians immediately recognized the soldier boy and killed him. The mother and children saw what had happened and ran from the house to hide in the woods. That is, all of the children except Frances, a crippled brother, and a little negro girl. They had been playing in another room and did not know what was happening. The three Indian braves dragged the little boy they found outside with them as they entered the house, and took from it everything they wanted. Soon



Frances Slocum

they started hunting for Frances. The three children had hidden in a closet under the stairway. Frances had carried her doll into the closet with her and when she shut the door she didn't get one of the doll's legs inside. When the Indians were looking around one of them spied the part of the doll that was sticking out from under the door. He opened the closet door and dragged little Frances out into the room. Then another one of the Indians looked inside the closet and found the brother and the little negro girl, so he dragged them out to join Frances.

The three Delaware Indians left the house with the three children. When the mother saw what had happened she came from her hiding place and pleaded with the Indians to let her children go. The mother, in spite of the danger, continued pleading over and over again for her children to be spared.

One of the Indians looking at the crippled boy said, "Here you take him. Him not perfect. The Great Spirit has not looked with favor on him. We no want him with us." With that he thrust the lame boy toward his mother. The other three children were carried away. The last picture the mother had of Frances was her screaming as a big Indian carried her under his arm. The negro girl was also screaming as she was carried away by another one of the Delawares, while the third Indian carried Frances's older brother.

The Indian braves did not take the children far from their home. They went to a cave known as Rattlesnake Den which was about one-half mile from the Slocum home. The Indians were not afraid of rattlesnakes so they thought this would be a good place to hide the children as the white people would never look in this cave for them. As soon as the news got out of the capture of Frances and the other two children, the white people organized a searching party headed by Mr. Slocum. Frances could hear her father shouting her name but she didn't dare answer because if she did the Delawares told her they would kill the rest of her family at a later time. This threat of course scared the little girl enough that she did not make a sound. They stayed in the cave until it was dark then they came out and traveled all night.

At daylight the party came to Genessae Falls where they stayed for a few days and rested. Again they started traveling and after several hours they came to a large Indian village. The Indian party stayed here for several days. While at this camp the Indian women took Frances down to the creek, removed all her clothes and started scrubbing her. They sang Indian songs all the while they were washing the little girl. After what seeemd to Frances to be hours they took her out of the creek and put Indian clothes on her. Frances had discovered that one of the three Delaware Indians who had captured her was Tuckhos or Tuck-Horse, Chief of a tribe of Delawares. He painted Frances in the Indian manner, adorned her with wampum and took her to a tent of an Indian couple who had recently lost their little girl. Tuck-Horse asked them to adopt Frances and they did. From that time on Frances was a Delaware maiden. The Indians were always kind to Frances. She was never permitted to walk when they were traveling. Some of the bigger Indians carried her. As time went by the white girl realized that she was going to have to be content with her life as an Indian. Frances felt that most of her people had been killed or had died by the time she had grown to be a young woman. During her life with the Indians she had traveled from place to place with her foster parents who lived through the French and Indian Wars. Her foster parents first named Frances We-let-a-wash, after their child who had died. She later became known as Me-con-a-quah or Bear Woman because she was so strong.

One day a young Delaware warrior asked Frances's foster father if he could marry Frances. The request was granted but this marriage did not last long as the warrior was very mean to Frances. The foster father of the white girl told the warrior to be kind to his daughter but the Indian couldn't seem to change his ways. One day the Delaware husband left home and never returned. This was the end of the unhappy marriage of the Delaware warrior and the captive white girl.

A short time after the break up of the marriage the foster mother of Frances died. This left Frances with a foster father who was getting old, and was not in very good physical condition. One evening Frances and her foster father were camped near an Indian village in Ohio. She went to the spring nearby to get some water. On the way back to her camp site Frances stopped beside a tree to rest. As she sat on the ground near a tree which had blown down she started to think about her past. She wondered what would happen to her when her foster father died. She was reasonably sure that the Indians would help her, still she felt lonesome and a bit confused. Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by a moaning noise which sounded as if someone were in pain. Frances walked around the tree which was blown down and looked inside it. The log was hollow and when Frances looked closer she saw the feet of a human being. After a closer inspection she found that a wounded Indian had crawled inside this log to die.

"What in the world are you doing in there?" Frances asked the Indian. The Indian made signs to the woman to tell her to go away and leave him alone. Frances made signs back to the Indian man that she wanted to help him. Finally he consented to let her assist him out of the tree trunk. Frances helped the man back to their camp where she and her foster father nursed him back to health.

One day, after the Indian man was well he told his rescuers his name was She-po-con-ah and that he belonged to the Miami tribe of Indians who lived on the Wabash and Mississenewa Rivers.

"I think I go home to my people now!" She-po-con-ah said.

"No!" said the old Indian, "You stay here and help us. I am not long for this world. I am old and not feeling well, so I will not live very long."

"All right! I'll do as you wish," said She-po-con-ah.

"When I die bury me with all the Indian ceremonies. Then take this woman as your wife. She not an Indian woman. She white!" said the foster father.

A few weeks later the old man died and they buried him on the banks of a small stream, bade farewell to his grave, and came to Indiana. They arrived at the Osage Village located on the banks of the Mississinewa River about three miles east of Peru, Indiana.

She-po-con-ah and Frances did not stay at this village very long because the white woman did not like it there. One day the man and woman traveled up the Mississinewa River until they came to a spring. Frances stopped and said, "Here is place where we start our home!"

"Very well, if you like it here, we stop here and build our cabin," said She-po-con-ah.

They built their large double cabin high on the banks of the Mississinewa River. The cabin was comfortable in size and appearance. A small cabin was attached to it in which an aged squaw lived. There was also a small hut, separated from the main log cabin by a distance of a few rods. In addition to these structures there was a tall corn crib and a stable, all of which unitedly constituted the famous "Deaf Man's Village—the home of Mo-con-a-quah, the Lost Sister, who was really Frances Slocum. A short distance from the front door of the cabin stood a beautiful, large elm tree which Frances dearly loved.

After She-po-con-ah and his wife built their village, it became known as "The Deaf Man's Village" because the Indian chief had lost his hearing as he had grown older. At the bottom of the hill She-po-con-ah built a race track which was a half mile in length. Three or four times a year the Miami Indians would gather together and have a "ro-wa-da" which was similar to the white man's rodeo. All the people around, whites as well as the Indians, gathered at the race track to enjoy and participate in riding horses, playing games, and having a general good time. A large steer was killed and put into a huge iron kettle to cook. When the meat was done everyone ate and at night a dance was held which lasted until morning. Everyone in the community looked forward to these special occasions each year.

She-po-con-ah and Frances had four children, two boys and two girls. Both boys died when quite young but the daughters lived to enjoy life. The eldest daughter was named Kick-ke-ne-che-quah or Cut Finger. The younger daughter was named O-sah-shin-quah or Yellow Leaf.

Chief She-po-con-ah died in 1837 but Frances continued to live in the little village with her daughters and their families. In 1837 this old white woman was found by a trader, George Ewing. She was ailing and feeble, and fearing death would soon take her away, she told the trader the story which she had kept secret so long. She had told no one before, fearing she would be taken away by her white relatives. The story was published in the Lancaster, Pennsylvania, "Intelligence," where it was read by her family. In the fall of 1837 Frances's two brothers and a sister paid her a visit and urged her to return to the East with them.

She refused, saying, "I cannot. I cannot. I am an old tree. I cannot move about. I was a sapling when they took me away. It is all gone past. I am afraid I should die and never come back. I am happy here. I shall die here. I should not be happy with my white relatives. I am glad enough to see them but I cannot go back with them. I stay here!"

In 1839 Joseph Slocum visited his sister again and it was at this time that he commissioned George Winter, the famous artist, to go to The Deaf Man's Village and paint the portrait of Frances Slocum, "The White Rose of the Miamis," as she was affectionately known by the members of her family and tribe.

Mr. Winters noticed that Frances had a finger which was cut off at the first joint. "How did you happen to get your finger cut off?" he asked Frances.

She said, "I don't remember exactly but one of my brothers was playing with me and when I told him to hit my finger with a hammer, he really hit it hard. The finger was mashed and had to be taken off. I have forgotten many things about my life with my people as I was quite young when I was taken captive. This one thing I remember because my brother and I both felt very badly about my finger having to be removed."

The Miami people were very superstitious about having their pictures taken or painted. When Mr. Winters finished the portrait, Frances looked upon her likeness with no outward emotion. Kick-ke-se-quah looked at the picture approvingly yet suspiciously—it was a mystery to her. O-son-wa-pak-shin-quah or O-shaw-se-quah who was ten years younger than her sister would not look at the picture, but turned away from it abruptly as though some evil spirit surrounded it.

A few days before Frances died she said to her daughters, "I have been too long with the Indians. They are my people now. When She-po-con-ah died I promised him I would never leave the Indians. When I die bury me beside my husband and my two sons. Be sure to place a pole with a white flag on it at the head of my grave so The Great Spirit will find me."

The captive woman seemed to sense that it was time for her to leave her family for two days later she died on March 9, 1847, at the age of seventy-four, having spent almost seventy years with the Delaware and Miami Indian tribes. Four days after Frances died her oldest daughter followed her mother to the Happy Hunting Grounds. She was but forty-six years of age. She was the wife of Captain Brouillette who was of half-French and half Miami Indian blood. He was very good to

Frances and her daughters. The younger daughter, O-san-se-quah lived on for about thirty years, dying at the age of sixty-seven years. She lived in the lodge where her mother had lived. It was located near the burial place of her mother, father, sister, and brothers.

In later years the relatives and friends of Frances Slocum decided to put a marker at her grave so people would know where the "Lost Sister of the Miamis" was buried. The monument is made of bronze although it had the appearance of being made of stone. Here on a knoll lies the famous white girl who was taken captive by the Indians many, many years ago. She lies here in the spot along the Mississinewa River which she called her home. Her family is buried beside her in this quiet, out-of-the-way place.

The First Sheriff of Wabash County

The first sheriff of Wabash County was an Indian by the name of Al-lo-lah. Wabash County had not yet been organized and therefore had no jail. The prisoners from this county had to be taken to the neighboring county of Huntington, a distance of twenty-one-miles away, to be put in their jail.

There were many Miami Indians living in Wabash and the surrounding counties. Consequently, the white man was still in the minority. Al-lo-lah was quite trustworthy and law-abiding. When two white men got into trouble stealing things from their friends and neighbors, Al-lo-lah was deputized and told to take these two men to Huntington and put them in the jail there. He had to travel with his prisoners through the dense woods and over the rough trails.

On another occasion this Indian sheriff was called out on the trail above the bluff south of Wabash to investigate an incident. It seems a settler's camp was visited at night by a prowler. The settler fired his musket in the direction of the sound. The sound stopped so the settler resumed his slumber. When daylight came he looked around in the brush where he had shot and found blood. Believing he had wounded the prowler, he set out to find the sheriff. After bringing the sheriff to the scene he trailed the blood through the dense thicket for about twenty-five rods. There lay an old jersey milk cow that belonged to a neighboring settler.

So you see, life was not so dull for this Indian sheriff!

The Altar of the Great Ruler of the Serpents

Near the county line of Wabash and Huntington, close to the small town of Lagro, there is a huge rock. There is an Indian story connected with this rock.

The Indians, savage as they were, needed to have something to worship. They were superstitious and believed in evil spirits and worshipped gods. Of course, they believed in one Supreme Being which they called the Great Spirit.

The stone located near Lagro was worshipped by our savage predecessors as a holy stone where offerings might be made. These offerings were supposed to avert danger from the poisonous snakes which they constantly encountered. The Indians believe this stone would prevent them from dying of snake bites. In other words, the God of the Serpent Stone would be appeased by their offerings and sacrifices. Because of this belief the rock was known to the Miami Indians as the "Altar of the Great Ruler of the Serpent."

Chief Francis Godfroy Elected War Chief of the Miamis

The Miami Indians were gathered together at the Council Chambers on the hill above the Godfroy Cemetery near Peru, Indiana for the purpose of electing a War Chief of their tribe. It was customary to place before the group a name for nomination and after a discussion, if there were no objections to the candidate he would become the new War Chief.

A man's name had been put in nomination. But this man did not meet the approval of Ma-jen-i-ca, the Village Chief and a very bad Indian. Majenica rose to his feet and walked over to the candidate. He cuffed him at the side of his head, hit him, and shoved him around.

"You are not the man to become our War Chief!" he exclaimed angrily.

Francis Godfroy, a promising young half-French and half-Indian, walked over to Chief Majenica and grabbed him by the arm. Turning him around Godfroy said, "Do not abuse that little man. If you must abuse someone, pick on someone your own size!"

Majenica drew his knife and attempted to kill Francis Godfroy. The younger man grabbed his opponent's arm and twisted it, causing the man to drop the knife.

Majenica said, "If you hadn't made me drop my knife I would have fixed you!"

Godfroy, watching him, stepped back and picked up the knife, saying, "I will give you back your knife, but before you take it look on yonder sun for the last time, for tomorrow you will not see it!" Then Godfroy handed Majenica his knife.

Majenica took the knife but upon receiving it dropped it to the ground saying, "I am an old man, my time is spent. This is your War Chief. Listen to him!"

The War Council went on with its business and Francis Godfroy was elected the War Chief of the Miami Indian tribe.

PART VI

Miami Indian Stories of a General Nature

Dog Dance

The Dog Dance is a peculiar and not very attractive custom. Two or more dogs are slain and the heart and liver are taken from each dog. The raw hearts and livers are cut into long strips and placed upon a pole as tall as a man's head. These pieces of raw liver and heart hung down from the pole.

Only those Indians who have been off to war and can boast of the deeds they have done and the foes they have killed are permitted to enter the dance.

The braves begin their dance by declaring their exploits in loud, almost deafening yells. They come to the pole, two at a time, and try to bite off a piece of the raw liver or heart and swallow it. All these actions must be done by the Indians without losing one step or having one interruption in the harmony of their voices as they sing and yell.

The old Chief watches as each brave tries to accomplish this feat. If the brave breaks step or voice he must leave the dance.

A Dutchman's Pranks

Jeff Witt, a Miami Indian of Miami County, enlisted in the United States Army in the year 1861. He was sent to Trenton, New Jersey, for training and further orders. While he was in camp he became acquainted with a Dutchman by the name of Jacob Dunn. They soon became quite good friends. The Dutchman liked his beer. The two men would buy the beer outside the barracks. Everything was fine as long as their money lasted but one day they had no more money with which to buy the beer they wanted so badly to drink.

The Dutchman said, "I will sell my shoes and then I will have some money to buy beer." He sold his shoes to a peddler who happened to be close to the camp.

The next morning the order was given for all men to appear before the commanding officer for inspection. Now Jacob was in trouble. How was he going to get some shoes before inspection time?

Suddenly Jacob smiled and said, "Everything will be all right for me now. I have it all planned what I am going to do." So the two men retired for the night. In the quiet hours of the early morning Jacob Dunn awakened his friend Jeff Witt.

"Now, I will show you what I am going to do," Jacob told Jeff.

Jacob tiptoed over to the bunk of an Irishman whose name was Mike O'Bryan. He found three pairs of shoes close to his bed. Jacob selected one pair and proceeded to cut the initials J. D. upon the soles of the shoes, then he rubbed dirt over the initials to make it look as if the shoes had been worn quite often. After Jacob had done all these things he hurriedly put the shoes back where he found them. He and his friend went back to bed and slept until they were awakened.

When the Commanding Officer arrived the next morning he asked, "What has become of your shoes, Mr. Dunn?"

"I don't know, but I think someone stole them," Jacob replied.

A search of the barracks was immediately made.

"It looks as if Mike has your shoes, Jacob," his friend Joe Witt said.

The commanding officer heard the remark and asked Mike if he had stolen a pair of shoes. This made Mike furious.

"Of course I haven't stolen a pair of shoes. I have three pairs of shoes of my own. Why on earth would I want to steal someone else's shoes!"

The Dutchman Jacob said, "I could tell if I could see the soles of the shoes. If the shoes are mine they will have the initials J.D. cut in the soles.

"Take off your shoes!" the commanding officer ordered Mike.

The Irishman was so mad that he would have fought his superior if he thought he could have gotten by with it.

"There are no initials carved on the soles of my shoes," exclaimed Mike.

To the Irishman's surprise, when he removed his shoes, there were the initials J. D. cut in the soles. Then Mike was taken to the guard house to serve time for stealing another man's property.

The commanding officer ordered Jacob to put on the shoes which Mike had taken off. Jacob tried to get them on. He pushed, he pulled, he tugged, but to no avail. They just simply wouldn't go on his feet. Jacob wore a size 11 shoe while the Irishman wore a number 9 shoe.

"Something is wrong here," said the commanding officer, "come clean with this trick of yours, Jacob!"

Then Jacob had to tell what happened and he was taken to the guardhouse and Mike was released.

Crime doesn't pay is the moral of this story.

An Early Settler's Fate

A number of years ago an Indian Village stood near Peoria. The Wilhelm family, the first pale-faces in this vicinity, settled near the village. The white children would play with the Indian children. The Wilhelm's had a grownup son and daughter. The girl was very beautiful and charming. She was admired by the young and old alike. She was called the "Bell of the Miami Indian Village."

Three times a week a dance was held, as this was about the only means of recreation. A young pale-face with red hair often came to these dances. His name was James Ulrey. When he saw the beautiful girl he fell in love with her and took her home from the dance. Several times this happened before the father discovered what was going on. He did not approve of his daughter being courted by the red-headed young man. He told the young man that he did not want him seeing his daughter anymore.

One night there was a special dance being held but the father came to the dance and escorted his daughter home. The young man felt very sad because he really did love the girl. A few days later another dance was being held and Ulrey came to the Wilhelm's to ask to take her to the dance.

Mr. Wilhelm came to the door and said, "I told you not to come here any more after my daughter and that is exactly what I meant! My daughter is not going out of the house tonight!"

A few days later the young man disappeared. Shortly thereafter his body was discovered washed ashore at the bend of the Mississinewa River close to Peru, Indiana. After an examination it was revealed that the young man had been shot.

Wilhelm was arrested because people knew how he had objected to his daughter's friendship with the young man. His son was also arrested. After a trial, the son was convicted and sent to prison and the father was set free. Two years later as the father lay on his death bed he confessed that he had shot Ulrey. The father said that he had let his son take the punishment for a crime which he had not committed. The father died soon after his confession and his son was set free.

Early Formation of a Town

Years ago twenty or thirty Indian families decided to form a village between the Wabash and Mississinewa Rivers. They lived in wigwams made of bark and animal hides. The braves would hunt and fish, bringing in the game for the squaws to cook. The Indian women cooked the meat on the red-hot coals of an open fire.

When the Indians formed this small village there were many pale-faces living in the same vicinity, also. One pale-face, Mr. Clayton, started a broom factory near the village. Another white man opened a combination grocery store and saloon near the broom factory.

The Indians loved to have a good time and twice a week they had a different kind of dance. It might be the Peace Dance, the Green-Corn Dance, the Rain Dance, the War Dance, the Snake Dance, or any other dance which was suitable for that particular occasion. The Indians would come from far and near to take part in these dances. Most of the Indians participated in the dances and everyone seemed to have a delightful time.

Soon the Indian Village became very popular but it still did not have a name. There were many very pretty Indian maidens in this small town. In fact there were more Indian maidens than there were Indian braves. Several names were submitted but the name that was chosen was Squawtown. Everyone came to Squawtown to have a good time and to get a wife, also.

Clayton, the man who had opened the broom factory, was also a farmer and had a large tract of wheat near the village of Squawtown. After the wheat was thrashed the straw was piled in a huge pile near his broom factory.

Two evenings a week the town was quite lively with dancing and drinking. The saloon had lots of business and many Indians as well as white men had too much to drink. Some of the men could scarcely walk. Finally, it was decided that something had to be done about these people who were getting drunk. Some of the men thought that the men should be put in jail where they could sober up, but there was no jail. Someone suggested the straw pile behind the broom factory would make a good jail. A hole was made in the side of the strawpile and large limbs of trees were driven into the ground where the opening was made. Heavy bars were placed across the doorway and this made a very good jail for the drunk white men and red men. Once the men were put in this jail they had to stay there until they got over their drunken spree.

The sober Indians would take turns in taking care of the jail. There were two shifts working at this guard duty, one for the day and the other shift for the night.

Like many other small towns it lived its day and all that can be seen of it now are a few cobble stones and bricks scattered here and there.

The Fisherman and His Victory

An Indian by the name of Cal-up (Kal-up) became a well-known fisherman. He knew all the best places to fish and he never failed to catch several fish. Once when he was fishing from an island in the Wabash River between Peru and Logansport, Indiana, he noticed an object floating in the river. Cal-up stopped his fishing, climbed into his canoe, and paddled toward the object. When he saw what the object was Cal-up was horrified for it was a white man's dead body. Cal-up said to himself, "Oh! White man, this Indian don't care for you." But a little while later Cal-up had a second thought about the dead man. He decided to take the body and bury it. Cal-up struggled and pulled, almost upsetting the boat, but finally he succeeded in getting the body into the canoe. He paddled for the north bank of the river opposite the island from which he had been fishing. When he reached land he removed the body from the canoe and buried it in the soft dirt.

Many years later when Cal-up, the Indian, became an old man he remembered the story he had been told about a devil who lived in a house at the bottom of a near-by lake. He decided he would try to find this devil. He knew that the devil would come to the top of the water because it was his job to capture Indians and make prisoners and slaves of them.

When the devil saw Cal-up he said to the Indian, "Now I have seen you so you are my slave: I have much work for you to do. There are several different kinds of animals in my place which you are to feed. Carefully care for these animals, also. Some of the animals are to be fed sparingly because they are too fat. Follow me and I will show you what I mean." The Indian followed the devil into his house. Just inside the door there stood a fat lion.

The devil said, "Feed this lion well, keep him fat for he is my horse. I ride him much. Cal-up if you should fail to keep my orders it will be too bad for you. Understand?"

The devil walked away and went into his private rooms. Cal-up went to work. As he was working he heard a voice say, "Hello!" He looked and looked around but could see no one. In a few minutes he heard the same voice again. When the Indian looked up this time he discovered that it was the horse that was talking to him.

The horse told Cal-up, "Once upon a time I was a man just like you. Then the devil caught me and turned me into a horse because I disobeyed him. Look how poor I am. The devil just feeds me enough to keep me alive and the same thing will happen to you unless you are very careful. I want to get out of here. The devil is going away and won't be back for two weeks. During this time we can escape if you will do as I direct. Feed me well so I may gain strength. But be sure you starve the lion because when the devil returns and finds that we have escaped he will ride the lion and try to catch us."

Cal-up said, "After I have done all the things you told me to what are we going to do about the big guard, the swan, who swims around the lake?"

The horse replied, "Oh! We will get by him all right. Don't worry about that."

Just then a knock was heard at the door. Cal-up opened the door and in came a fox who said, "Take me to the horse!" Cal-up obeyed the fox's orders.

The fox said to the horse, "Make ready! I have come to take you away as I promised some time ago."

"How about Cal-up?" said the horse. "He is my keeper."

Mr. Fox looked up at the Indian and recognizing him said to the horse, "We will take Cal-up with us."

The horse spoke to Cal-up and said, "When we are ready, grab ahold of my tail and hold fast."

Cal-up asked, "Well, what about the swan who guards the lake?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you. I caught him as I came into the house. We will have him for our meal when we reach the other shore," said the fox.

They quickly opened the door and left the devil's house. Soon the devil came home and learned that his prisoners had escaped. He ran to get the lion but he was too poor to ride. He ran to find the horse but he was gone. Suddenly the door flew open and the water rushed in and drowned the devil and the poor skinny lion. Cal-up, the horse, and the fox reached the shore safely.

The fox said as he pointed to the horse, "I helped you because the man that killed me was the man who sent you to prison."

Turning to Cal-up the fox said, "I helped you because you brought my dead body out of the Wabash River and buried it."

At this point in the story the horse and the fox turned into men. They shook hands and said good-bye, wishing each the best of good luck and fortune.

A Fishing Fox

A fox met a wolf one cold winter day. The wolf said, "Brother Fox, what are you eating? I see you are smacking your lips."

"Oh, Mr. Wolf, I have been eating a fine mess of fish," answered Mr. Fox.

"Tell me, Mr. Fox, where you caught the fish and maybe I can catch some there, too," said Mr. Wolf.

Mr. Fox answered, "Surely you can catch some, Mr. Wolf. You know where the farmer waters his cows in the river where the fishing-hole is located, don't you?"

"Yes, I know where this fishing hole is located, but will you help me catch the fish as I have never been able to have much luck when I go fishing?" asked Mr. Wolf.

Mr. Fox said, "Yes, I will be glad to show you how I catch fish." So off Mr. Fox and Mr. Wolf went to catch fish in the river.

When they arrived Mr. Fox said to Mr. Wolf, "Put your tail in the water." The wolf sat down with his tail in the fishing hole and waited for the fish to start biting.

Soon Mr. Wolf said, “I think the fish are beginning to bite!”

“Sure they are!” said Mr. Fox. “But you must not pull your tail out of the water. Be sure to wait until you have many bites and then you will catch many fish.”

As the time passed Mr. Fox thought he heard a noise. He looked around in time to see a farmer man coming toward him. This frightened Mr. Wolf so he tried to stand up. He tugged and pulled but to no avail. It just seemed as if he had too many fish to get them all out of the water.

“Say! Mr. Fox,” Mr. Wolf exclaimed, “you will have to come and help me. I seem to have more fish than I am able to pull by myself.”

Mr. Fox said, “Yes, I know you are in quite a predicament! But you don’t have more fish than you can pull out. You are just frozen fast to the hole.” Then Mr. Fox ran away laughing and laughing at the condition of Mr. Wolf.

The farmer rushed up to Mr. Wolf and said, “Well, here you are at last! I will kill you now and then you cannot kill any more of my baby pigs and lambs.”

Thus Mr. Wolf’s days were suddenly ended.

Giving the Third Degree

It was a Miami Indian tribal custom to administer the "third degree" to any Indian who was so bad that he could not be controlled by any other type of discipline.

Clarence Godfroy, the great-great-grandson of Frances Slocum, tells a story of the time when his grandfather helped administer the third degree to a young Indian brave. This fellow had committed numerous offenses against the members of his tribe. Finally, as a last attempt at discipline the council decided to give him the third degree. This consisted of the Indian being given two choices. One choice was to have his face branded so that any Indian who saw him would know that he was a bad Indian. The other choice was sudden death by a tomahawk wielded by a fellow Indian.

This particular bad Indian chose the latter punishment. As the story goes he made one last request which was granted. He asked for a pint of whiskey and for his knife. As he sat on the log drinking the whiskey one of his fellow braves sneaked up behind him and struck him with his tomahawk. The whiskey bottle, the knife, and the tomahawk which was used to kill the Indian were buried with him.

For years very careful protection was given this Indian's grave so that nothing would be removed from it. As a special precaution a large pile of stones was piled upon the grave.

Finally ownership of the land changed and the grave was opened. The knife was badly corroded but the tomahawk was in good condition. The empty whiskey bottle was found intact. Today the knife and tomahawk are on display in the Miami County Museum.

The Happy Meeting of Two Pale-Faces

Many years ago when the Indians and white men were fighting, Samuel MacDowell, with several other soldiers, had gone to look after the horses when suddenly they heard hideous yells. The men instantly rushed to the camp and found their regiment preparing for action. Shortly the fight began and both sides fought hard. After a while both the Indians and the white men ran out of ammunition. Then they fought at close range with the butt-end of their guns. The men scattered in all directions and it was each man for himself. There was one particular Indian and one white man fighting; the Indian got the better of the white man. The Indian raised his tomahawk above the young man's head and would have thrust it into his skull but Ben Davis, a fellow soldier saw what was happening to his comrade and rushed to his rescue. He took careful aim with his gun and shot the Indian through the head. The young man was very grateful to Ben for saving his life.

Several years later Samuel MacDowell went back to Kentucky to visit his sister. He stopped at a tavern and signed his name on the register. Later that night as he sat before the fire he started talking to a handsome white-haired gentleman.

"I see from the register that you live at Fort Recovery, Ohio," the white-haired gentleman said.

"Yes, I live there now," Samuel answered. "Several years ago I fought in the battle when Saint Clair was defeated. If it hadn't been for a fellow soldier shooting the Indian who was trying to kill me I wouldn't be alive today."

After several questions and answers the two recognized each other. The white-haired man had been the young man who had saved the life of Samuel MacDowell. Both men were delighted and surprised to see each other again after so many years. Sam took Ben home with him and introduced him to his sister and her family. Mr. MacDowell had become a wealthy merchant so he took Ben to his store and fitted him with several fine suits and gave him many other presents. Life had not been so kind to Ben Davis. He had lost his family and most of the money he had saved was gone, too.

In addition, Sam MacDowell cleared two hundred acres of land near Fort Recovery and gave it to Ben as a token of appreciation for having saved his life so many years ago. Thus ended happily the surprise meeting of two pale-faces.

An Indian Betrays a Deer

The Indian, like the white man, had his story tellers. One such Miami Indian story teller was an Indian by the name of Sass-a-quah.

Sass-a-quah said, "I am an old man. Speckum 100 years old. When I was a young man, speckum 20 years old, I wasn't afraid of anything. Game was getting scarce and I couldn't find much of anything to eat. I stood right here, thinking what to do. My squaw and papoose, hungry. I raise my head, look up river. Yonder me think I see a deer feeding along river bank. I look again. Yes, me see deer, sure enough! Me think me killum deer—but how?"

Sass-a-quah continued telling this story to a group of eager and interested listeners. "Something tell me how to kill this deer. Something tell me to go way round up river to white man's oats field, take three sheaves, tie them together, get in river, and float down river to where deer is feeding. I do all this that has been told me to do. The deer look up when he see oats floating in the river. Deer raise head and come into river to eat the oats. The water was deep but me keep real still until I get chance to grab deer's front legs. I hold fast to the legs and go under the water with the deer. Me hold deer under water but soon me could not hear deer nor could me feel him move any more. So I let go of deer's legs and come to the top of the water. I look around for deer and soon I find him dead. Me take deer out of water and carry him home. Me tell squaws to skin the deer and cook the meat. Then I pray to The Great Spirit and thank Him for helping me get the deer."

When Sass-a-quah had finished telling his story his audience begged the story teller for another story, but Sass-a-quah said there was another day for more stories. He departed for his teepee where he could rest and think of more stories to tell.

Indians Help Pale-Faces

John Brooks and his wife, Mollie, lived in the neighborhood of the Miamis in the early days of the first permanent white settlers in this vicinity. One day they ran out of provisions and John went to purchase some. He had to travel quite a distance and traveling was hard and slow. He was gone much longer than he or Mollie had anticipated; she and her young son were almost starving. She was giving all the food she had to the child and doing without any for herself. Finally, Mollie was getting desperate. She couldn't stand hearing her son cry because he was hungry so she decided to drown him in the Wabash River. She thought this would be easier than letting her son starve to death.

Just as Mrs. Brooks was getting ready to take her son to the river, an Indian appeared suddenly in the doorway. He seemed friendly so she made signs showing him that she and the child were hungry. The Indian seemed to understand her and he made signs that he would soon return. He left hastily. Later in the day the Indian returned with many provisions which he had acquired from Chief Francis Godfroy.

The next day the Chief visited Mrs. Brooks to see if they were all right and he told her that he had warned his Indians not to molest her or her family. The Indian said that if he ever heard of their being ill-treated he would give the guilty Indians the death penalty. Mr. Brooks finally returned home quite thankful that his family was safe and had been so well taken care of by the Miamis.

After Mr. Brooks died several years later, Mrs. Brooks lived in the home of Chief Francis Godfroy, helping to care for his sick and aged mother. She was well thought of by all the Indians of the tribe.

The Indians' Way of Drying Corn and Making Hominy

Late in the summer the Indians gathered corn with the shucks on it. These shucks were plaited together and two forked sticks were driven into the ground several feet apart. A pole was placed from one forked stick to the other and the plaited rows of corn were then thrown across the poles to dry. The Indians then peeled bark from some trees and placed it over the corn to form a roof for protection to the corn while it was drying. The corn remained in this condition until it was ready for use by the squaws who would prepare it for food.

It must be remembered that corn was the main food of the Indians. The Indian women dried the corn, shelled or on the ear, by laying it in the sun. After it was completely dried the squaws would put the corn into bags made from the stomachs of a deer, elk, bear, or wild hog, where it was kept until it was needed. When preparing the corn for a meal it was taken out of the bag and placed on a large flat rock where it was pounded by a smaller rock until it became fine meal. This corn meal was then made into a paste by adding boiling water to it and forming the paste into round balls. These balls were baked on a smooth stone or in a crudely formed oven which was made out of stone.

Offtimes the Indians made hominy from their corn. The squaws shelled the corn off the cob. Lye was made from the wood ashes of the fires and the corn boiled in this lye-water until the hulls could be peeled off. The corn was then removed from the lye-water and placed in clear water where it was boiled for several minutes to make sure the lye-water was removed from the corn. Once more the corn was taken from this second boiling water and washed carefully and thoroughly. Then the corn was ready to be made into hominy, seasoned, and eaten by the Indians.

The Indians ate such domestic foods as corn, pumpkins, squash, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes. Various nuts were gathered, dried, and reduced to powder. This nut flour was used in making some of the Indian's corn bread.

Wild foods were also eaten in great quantities by the Miami Indians. Such foods as wild blackberries, gooseberries, strawberries, potatoes, grapes, crabapples, plums, elderberries, and nuts from the walnut trees, the hickory nut trees, the beechnut trees and the oak trees were all gathered and eaten by the Miami Indians.

The Lame Negro Hero

In the summer of 1795 Mr. Woods and his family settled in Miami Indian Territory.

One morning he left his family and rode off to the nearest station. He would not be home until night. Mrs. Woods was working outside the house, engaged in her morning work, when she saw several Indians approaching their farm. She screamed loudly to warn her daughter and a lame negro man who lived with them. Then she started running as fast as she could in order to reach the house before the Indians did.

She reached the house but did not have time to close the door before the foremost Indian had forced his way into the house. As soon as he entered the door the lame negro grabbed him and attempted to throw him down. The lame negro was hurled to the floor with the Indian falling on top of him. Mrs. Woods was busily trying to keep the door closed against the other Indians. The lame negro held the Indian in his arms and called to the young girl to cut his head off with a very sharp axe which lay under the bed. She got the sharp axe and struck the Indian a sharp blow, not once but twice as the negro directed her to do. She wounded the Indian so badly that the negro was able to jump up and finish killing the red man. Elated with success, the negro told Mrs. Woods to let another Indian in as he felt they could kill them one by one.

Just then a sharp firing was heard outside and the Indians quickly disappeared. A party of white men had seen the Indians from a distance. They followed them cautiously and at a very critical moment rushed in and rescued a helpless family from almost certain death. Mrs. Woods thanked the party of white men for saving their lives.

Mr. Woods was quite thankful to find his family safe when he returned home late at night.

Locating the Gobbling Turkey

Jacob Wilson was a very small boy of twelve years of age. He lived in the hills of Wabash County. He said he could often hear a turkey gobbling early in the early morning away back in the woods along the river. He could hear the gobble again and again and he wanted to kill the turkey.

Jacob said to his father very early one morning, "I guess I will take the rifle and shoot the gobbling turkey."

His father said, "No, that may be a Miami Indian making a turkey gobbling noise. He wants to attract our attention. He hopes someone will decide to hunt for the turkey and then he will kill the hunter."

Jacob's father was very busy with his morning chores and did not pay any more attention to his son. Jacob kept thinking about the turkey and what fun it would be to catch it.

At last he sneaked the gun out and started to hunt the turkey. He said to himself, "Now I shall shoot the turkey. I will look for the turkey everywhere."

He looked and looked, constantly watching from all sides. Listening carefully, he heard the turkey gobble. When he saw the Indian stick his head up over the log Jacob took careful aim and fired. Behold! The Indian fell over dead.

This frightened him so much that he dropped his gun and ran home. He told his folks that he had shot an Indian. His father went to see and sure enough there was the dead Miami brave by the log. The gobbling turkey was never heard of anymore in that locality.

Chief Godfroy said that this story was told to the young Indian children to teach them that the white man is smarter than the Indian sometimes. The Indian children were taught that they had to be careful and observant at all times. It doesn't pay to think that an Indian is always smarter and shrewder than his enemies.

A Man's Strength

Fifty years or so ago two policemen were trying to catch a man who was drunk. He was a very small man and weighed about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. The two policemen couldn't seem to catch this small man as he always got away from them.

One day Chief Gabriel Godfroy, Uncle Gabe as he was often called, was standing on the corner of Second and Broadway Streets in Peru, Indiana, when he saw a little man running towards him.

"Uncle Gabe, the cops are after me. I have been drinking, but I am not drunk. They want to arrest me and take me to jail," the little man said, all out of breath.

Just a few seconds later the policeman stopped beside the two men. "Why are you taking this man to jail, he is not drunk?" Uncle Gabe asked.

One cop replied, "What business is this of yours? If you are not careful we shall take you to jail, also!"

The policemen were big men, weighing close to two hundred pounds apiece. Uncle Gabe grabbed the cop by the coat collar and held him up in the air. The other cop tried to strike Uncle Gabe on the head with his club but the little man stepped between the two men and bothered the cop so much that he could not strike Uncle Gabe. Right away Uncle Gabe grabbed the second cop by the coat collar also. Then he held them both out at arm's length with their feet dangling in the air. Uncle Gabe held them far enough apart so they couldn't get together and grab him. Suddenly Uncle Gabe brought them together, striking their heads with such force that they went pop, pop, and pop.

"You two policemen talk about taking *me* to jail when you are not even able to take this little man to jail—you make me laugh! See what I can do with you? Don't you dare talk about taking me to jail just because I asked you what this little man had done that he needed to go to jail!" exclaimed Uncle Gabe.

The little man was not taken to jail and these two policemen never tried this stunt again on Uncle Gabe.

The Massacre of 1791 as Related by Clarence Godfroy

In November 1791 Saint Clair and his men were camped upon the banks of the Wabash River near what is now known as Fort Recovery. The discontented tired pale-faces made a hasty shelter in the cold, bleak November weather. They built fires upon the wet ground. Then Saint Clair brought his men up in two lines facing each other with their artillery in the center.

During the night the snow fell. While the weary troops slept, the forest was filling with swiftly moving shadows. The boldest and most cunning warriors of all the tribes were there. Several Miamis, Shawnees, Wyandots, and Delawares were creeping through the dense underbrush. Now and then a soft grunt or a guttural command could be heard. Closer and closer they moved toward the unsuspecting camp, gliding through the tangled wilderness in a silent, menacing manner.

The Indians reached the white-man's camp while they were preparing their scanty breakfast. Many wild war whoops were shouted and a general assault was made against the troops, throwing them into utter panic. The white men broke into a run and rushed toward the main camp with the blood curdling cries of the Indians following them. Soon the pale-faces organized themselves and sprang to their arms and ammunition. The Indians resorted to their usual tactics, that of firing from behind trees, logs, or any available shelter they could find. The pale-faces stood out in the open in close order making themselves easy marks for the arrows of the savages. The Indians very quickly picked off the artillerymen, also the officers who went up and down the lines attempting to rally their tired troops. The Red Men rushed in again and again with their tomahawks while the pale-faces were shooting blindly into the surounding woods. Suddenly, without warning, fierce painted faces waved their war axes and started after more pale-faces. Saint Clair walked up and down the lines trying to keep his troops from falling back. Four horses were shot from under Saint Clair and his clothes were pierced with eight bullets. Of course, the Indians defeated the pale-faces.

At the close of the battle the Indians scalped the slain pale-faces so they could show their comrades how many white men they had killed at that massacre. The pale-faces' loss was very great, both in man and beast.

A Pale-Face's Fate

One time a Miami Indian saw a white man, Sam White, killing his brother. All the Indian people were suspicious of the white man. The people knew the Great Spirit would not want him to do such a thing so he was shunned by every one, both Indians and white men. This caused the white man to be very lonely and unhappy.

One day Sam White could not be found and no one knew where he had gone. Years later he was located in Canada operating a business of his own. Since he was a stranger and knew very few people in the territory where he lived he decided to go hunting alone. While he was hunting in the forest a pack of wolves attacked him. These animals would have killed him but some Canadian Indians happened to be hunting in the forest at the same time. They saw what was happening and chased the wolves away.

Another day this same white man went into the forest to hunt again but could not find much game. He went back and forth in the forest and soon he was lost. He looked up and saw a pack of wolves coming toward him. He would have been killed but once more the Canadian Indians were in the forest hunting and they chased the wolves away.

Later in the evening, when the Canadian Indians reached their tepees they discussed what had happened to the white man. They decided something was seriously wrong with him since the same number of wolves had attacked him twice. Both times the attack occurred at about the same place in the forest.

It would seem the white man would have learned his lesson about going into the forest alone, but he went into the forest for a third time. He was alone and was hunting in about the same place as the other two times. He heard a peculiar noise and when he looked up he saw a pack of wolves charging toward him. He looked around for help and saw the same bunch of Canadian Indians who had helped him the other two times. This time something was different, however. They never even offered to help him.

When he yelled for help the Indians said, "We cannot help you. The Great Spirit evidently wants the wolves to kill you. This is the third time the same thing has happened at the same place and to the same person."

The Indians left Sam White to his fate. He was killed by the wolves and that was the end of the white man who wouldn't learn a lesson from *experience, the best teacher of all.*

The Pale-Faces' Firewater

Kil-com-ic was an Indian who lived in the Wah-bah-shik-ki River Valley. Wah-bah-shik-ki was the Indian name for the Wabash River. Kil-com-ic was a very large, fat man, weighing between four and five hundred pounds. He was quite fond of the fire-water that the pale-faces drank and he was a firm believer in drinking as much of it as he could get his hands on. One day he found some of this fire-water in an empty cabin and drank all he could. When he was full he built a big fire in the fireplace in the cabin. He laid down on the floor in front of the fire and went to sleep. He slept for several hours. The fire got very hot and because of its heat and Kil-com-ic's fatness the grease oozed out of his fat body and began running in small streams in all directions toward the fire.

A neighbor man happened to be passing the cabin when he noticed smoke coming from the chimney. He wondered what was going on so he went into the cabin. When he saw the situation he pulled Kil-com-ic away from the fire, otherwise he might have been rendered into cracklings. The neighbor went on his way leaving Kil-com-ic to sleep off the effects of too much fire-water.

Even after the Indian recovered from this experience he still continued drinking the pale-faces' fire-water until he died a few years later. He did not live to be a very old man because he drank too much.

He never learned not to drink fire-water and then lie down in front of a fire, for three years later he did just this thing and was burned to death in a cabin where he lay sleeping off a drunken stupor.

Pioneer Boy's Experience

During the pioneer days three young boys of Miami county were returning home from a day's work of ditching. The sun was sinking low in the western sky and daylight was almost over.

As they came to an old Indian cemetery, one of the boys said, "If the Indians buried money as some people said they did, this sure would be a good spot to hide it!"

As the boy was talking he pointed to a nearby stone. The boys talked it over among themselves and decided to dig beside the stone to see if they could, by chance, find any Indian money. They dug and dug until it got so dark they could hardly see each other anymore.

While Tom, the older of the two boys was digging he suddenly stopped and hurriedly dropped his shovel.

Dick and Joe, the two younger boys said, "What's the matter with you, Tom?"

"I can't tell you for sure. I see something. It looks like a man carrying his head!" yelled Tom. He started running as fast as he could for a deep ravine in the forest close by.

Very quickly Joe and Dick dropped their shovels, too, and started running as fast as their legs would carry them, but they didn't stop at the ravine. They kept right on running toward home. They went splish! splash! splish! as they crossed the creek. Up over the hills and down the valleys the two boys went as fast as they could.

Joe said to Dick, "Let's get home. I'm scared."

"So am I!" said Dick, "I'm never going to dig for Indian money again."

While the two frightened boys were running home

Tom was hiding behind a tree in the forest. He was bent over laughing at the two boys. This was a very good trick he had played on them. Much thought had gone into the planning of this scheme and it had worked out beautifully so far. He had wanted to scare the two boys away from the digging so he could dig by himself, then if he found any money it would all be his very own.

After making sure the boys were well on their way home Tom went back to the spot where they were digging and started to dig again. He had a flashlight which he used for a light to dig by. He dug for what seemed to be hours to him, but was really only a few minutes. He was so disappointed and unhappy because he did not find any Indian money at all.

Finally Tom gave up and trudged wearily home. He decided if the Indians buried their money, they had really buried it deep and well. Besides, he was tired and hungry and his two young friends were probably home, well fed and comfortable.

His little scheme hadn't worked out so well after all. It never pays to be selfish.

The Results of a Five-Dollar Bet

A long time ago there lived an old Indian by the name of Grigg. He loved to drink whiskey and would do so whenever he could. After having drunk quite a sizable amount of whiskey he would get happy and start singing. He would keep singing until he fell asleep. These are the words of one of the songs he sang when he had drunk too much whiskey:

"Oh, give me whiskey, pure whiskey!
If the river were whiskey I would dive
To the bottom and never come up!"

One day one of Grigg's pals came to his cabin with a quart of whiskey. He showed it to Grigg and said, "I'll bet you five dollars that you can't drink this whole quart of whiskey without taking the bottle from your lips."

"A very good bet," said Grigg, "I shall take the bet and if I win you will have to pay me the five dollars and if I lose I will pay you the five dollars."

Grigg drank the whole quart of whiskey without taking his lips from the bottle. Suddenly he gave a very loud war whoop and began dancing the Indian war dance and singing the above song. He kept on singing and dancing until he fell over dead.

This is the result of too much whiskey and a foolishly made bet.

School Day's Astonishment

Years ago there were one-room log school houses with dirt floors and puncheon-seats. There were two one-room log school houses built in Miami County for the Indians. Here the Indians and a few of the pale-faces went to school. Back of one of these school houses was a large swamp filled with water. Hundreds of reptiles and turtles could be found in this swamp anytime during the year.

One day late in the fall while school was in session a noise was heard in the swamp. The water splashed and splashed. Hearing this noise the school children wondered what was happening. When the teacher heard it and the splashing did not stop, he said that he would dismiss school so they could go out to see what was causing all the splashing around in the water.

All the school children and the teacher began to search for the trouble. To their amazement what do you suppose they found?

It was just two mud turtles fighting in the water!

A Snake Story

Years ago a young man wanted to make a living for his family. He did not know what occupation to follow. At last he decided to go into the show business. He bought a number of different kinds of large snakes. He traveled about from place to place showing his snakes at public gatherings.

One day the largest snake got out of its cage. It was nearly forty feet in length. The reptileman, with the aid of several other men, attempted to find this crawling, run-away creature. When they found the snake it was wrapped around a tree. The men tried to get the snake loose but it coiled itself tighter and tighter about the tree until all the walnuts began dropping to the ground. Soon the ground was covered with walnuts.

An old Miami Indian standing near by said, "Him big snake. Him squeeze hard. Him make walnuts drop. Him make you drop, too, reptileman, if he squeezed you the same way!"

"I am sure glad he is squeezing that tree instead of me!" said the reptileman.

Spooky Holler

There are a number of large hills along the north bank of the Mississinewa River west of the small village of Peoria, Indiana. Among these hills are some very deep ravines which are known to the inhabitants of the community as Possum Holler, because of the large number of possums that live there.

The Indians believed that a number of very bad deeds must have taken place there because when you pass the north bank of this river you can hear some very queer and wierd noises coming from these ravines. It makes you stop and wonder and suddenly the hair starts to rise on your head and it keeps rising higher and higher and higher until it would seem that it was coming right off your head.

The Indians who have passed these hollers and ravines many, many times say that they have seen a man going in and out of these ravines carrying his own head in his hands.

A Tragedy and Its Morals

In the year 1870 a Wea Indian lived among the Miami Indians. He lived a mile from a ford in the Wabash River. He had several head of cattle which he let graze along the banks of the river.

One year it rained for several days and the river was up to the top of its banks. Before the river had started to rise the Indian's cows had swum across the river and were grazing peacefully on the opposite side. Consequently, the Wea Indian was puzzled about how he was going to get his cows back across the river that night.

An observant young man, John Winnie, who was standing near by noticed that the Indian seemed to be concerned about something. He said, "If you want your cows I will go and get them. I am a fast swimmer and a very good one. In fact there is no one as good as I am when it comes to swimming!"

"All right if you are so sure of yourself," warned the Indian, "but I think you are silly to risk your life. You can't get across that river and back again because it is too far."

While swimming across the river John suddenly got cramps and drowned because no one could get to him to help him. When the water went down his body was found lying under a hackberry tree stump that had been washed along by the river.

Some people can never be told anything; they have to find out the hard way!

A Widow Won at Last

At the disastrous battle of the *Blue Lakes* there were few white men reported slain by the Indians who were captured and after running the gauntlet had been allowed by their captors to live. Among these men there was a certain married man, who with eleven other captives, had been painted black, a symbol of death. The twelve men were stripped and placed on a log. The husband was placed clear at the end of the log. The cruel Indian savages slaughtered eleven of the men; one at a time. When they came to the end man, though they drew their knives and tomahawks over him to kill him, they paused. They had a discussion, or pow-wow, and decided to call a council meeting. In this council meeting they chose to spare the man's life. Just why he was allowed to live the man was never able to find out.

In the meantime the man's wife awaited her husband's return. Once she almost gave up and was tempted to marry a man who courted her and wanted to marry her. She kept postponing their marriage date, declaring that she could not shake off the feeling she had that her husband was still alive and would come back to her sometime. Her friends thought she was very foolish and advised her to marry the man that loved her so much. Finally, she set the wedding date. On the morning of her wedding, just before dawn, she heard the crack of a familiar rifle near her lonely cabin.

At the sound of the rifle shot she leaped out of bed and ran to the door crying, "That's John's gun! That's John's gun!"

Sure enough it was her John coming home to her and in an instant she was in her husband's arms. They were so happy to be together again. Her husband told her all about what had happened to him.

"I don't know why the Indians didn't kill me.

God must have been watching over me. They were very kind to me after they chose not to kill me and finally granted me my freedom. I came back to you as fast as I could," the man told his wife.

His wife exclaimed, "I am so glad I waited for you and kept postponing the marriage date. I felt like you were still alive and would come back to me sometime!"

When the woman told her *rejected suitor* about her husband's return he was happy that her husband had come back. But he was also unhappy because he would not be able to marry the woman he loved.

"I will never love another woman as long as I live. If I can't marry you I will marry no one," he told the woman.

For nine years the man and woman lived together after he was released from the Indians. They were very happy. Then came the time when he had to go and fight Indians again. He was fighting in the battle when St. Clair was defeated. The husband was not so fortunate this time as he was shot and killed in this battle.

The persistent lover had never married and after a decent interval he renewed his wooing of the widow and this time he finally won her. His devotion and persistence gained for him what he wanted most in life—the widow for his wife.

Witch Bags

Each person that wished to become a witch had to have two witch bags, a small bag and a large bag. The small bag contained a small piece of everything that was to be found in the large witch bag. There was enough of everything in it to witch one person at a minute's notice. The large witch bag contained human fingers, dried owls, dried birds, dried rats, dried cats, dried dogs, dried snakes, feathers, bones, and in fact anything that the witch would want to use in his witchery. The large bag was always kept in a secret place known only by the witch himself.

The old time Indians taught their children to beware of the witch bag. They were taught never to touch or meddle in any way with it. If they did fool around with the bag the witch would know it because the small witch bag he always carried with him would be able to tell him if someone was meddling with the large bag and this would make the witch very angry. The witch would then apply witchcraft to the meddler and thus cause him to die or to have bad luck of some kind. Therefore, the Indians never touched the large witch bag if they happened to unexpectedly find it.

The Wolf's and Fox's Trials

One time as a wolf was traveling along the road he met a fox. They visited with each other for a short time.

Finally Mr. Wolf said to Mr. Fox, "What makes you so fat, round, smooth, and sleek?"

"Oh! I get all I want to eat," answered Mr. Fox.

"How do you get all you want to eat? Hunting is not very good now," said Mr. Wolf.

"Yes," said Mr. Fox. "I know hunting is not very good at this time of the year. If I depended on hunting for all the food I eat I would be as poor as you."

"Tell me your secret so I can get more to eat," said Mr. Wolf.

"I must take chances in order to get some of the food which I eat. Some of these chances are quite dangerous. In addition, I have to use my head to outwit people," answered Mr. Fox. "I will tell you how I get extra food."

Mr. Fox continued, "A man driving a bread wagon comes through here each day selling bread to the people in a little town called Cross Bones. I lay down beside the road and pretend I am dead. The man stops his bread wagon and looks at me. I lie real still. The man, thinking I am dead, picks me up and says to himself, 'What a pretty fur piece you will make for my wife!' Then he throws me into the wagon. When the man isn't looking I grab a loaf of bread and throw it along the road. I keep doing this until I think I will have enough to eat for a while and then I jump off the wagon. I go back along the road over which we have just traveled and pick up all the loaves of bread I threw off the bread wagon. Then I take all the bread back home with me. Along with the wild game I can catch I have plenty of food to eat."

"Very well," said Mr. Wolf, "You have told me your secret. Tomorrow I shall try the same thing and perhaps I won't be hungry anymore, either."

The next morning Mr. Wolf laid down beside the road and pretended he was dead. Sure enough, along came the bread wagon. The driver stopped the wagon and got off to look at Mr. Wolf.

He picked up the wolf and said, "You shall make a pretty fur piece for my wife!"

Mr. Wolf was really happy. His little scheme had worked and soon he would have all the bread he wanted to throw off along the roadside. As the driver reached the bread wagon he picked up a large sledge hammer and hit the wolf upon the head which killed Mr. Wolf.

The driver said, "Mr. Fox fooled me yesterday but today I am wiser!"

This ended the life of Mr. Wolf but Mr. Fox went out again to catch another sucker.

An Indian Legend

The various tribes in the West (Oklahoma and Kansas) beyond the "Father of Waters" heard that the pale-faces were becoming numerous and moving quickly westward. The Indians held a Council for the purpose of sending a brave to the eastern shore to investigate what the pale-faces were doing. During this council a young brave by the name of Yellow Bear was chosen to make the trip. A great feast was prepared where all participated, to celebrate Yellow Bear's journey.

The following morning, prayers were offered to the Great Spirit to guide and protect Yellow Bear in his journey. He took his bow, quiver, and dog and started on his journey through the forest to the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi River, where he launched his canoe and glided across the silvery stream.

He continued his journey toward the rising sun until he came to a huge hill four or five miles away from the valley. Then he saw the smoke curling up from the chimneys of the western settlement, at that time east of the "Father of Waters." As it was too late to reach the settlement before dark, Yellow Bear sought out the thickest part of the forest where he built a campfire. He placed his blanket upon the ground and laid down for a good night's sleep. He had scarcely settled himself when he heard a "Haloo" from away off among the hills. Thinking someone was lost in the forest, he raised himself up and answered as loud as he could. Then again he heard the "Haloo" a little nearer, but it sounded so mournful and so wild and so unlike the voice of any living being that he became alarmed and didn't answer again.

After a while the mournful "Haloo" was repeated, but this time it was much nearer. Yellow Bear's heart beat wildly and loudly in his bosom and sweat broke out on his forehead for he knew the unearthly sound he had heard did not come from mortal lips. Even his dog seemed to understand for he crowded down at his master's feet and whined. Again the mournful and prolonged "Haloo" was heard close at hand. In a few moments an Indian Warrior stalked up and without uttering a word took a seat beside Yellow Bear, gazing mournfully at him out of his hollow eyes. He was dressed in a different garb from anything Yellow Bear had ever seen worn by the Indians. He held a bow in his hand and a quiver filled with arrows hung across his shoulders. As Yellow Bear looked closely at him, he saw that his visitor was, in fact, a grinning skeleton.

Just then he arose and in a hollow voice spoke to Yellow Bear: "Return to your people for your race is doomed. They will disappear before the pale-face like the dew before the morning sun. I am the spirit of one of your forefathers. I can remember when the Indians were as numerous as the leaves upon the trees and the pale-faces were very few. Now they are strong and numerous and can not be counted. Before many years the Red Race shall be driven to the Western Ocean."

"Go back," said the figure waving his withered hand, "Tell your people to prepare themselves for their doom and meet me in the Happy Hunting Ground where the pale-face shall trouble you no more." As he said this he placed his skeleton fingers upon Yellow Bear's head and glared out of the empty sockets in his fleshlike skull. Yellow Bear was as fearless a warrior as there was, but when he felt the cold touch of that skeleton hand, a horrible dread took possession of him and he remembered nothing of what happened afterwards.

In the morning when he awoke the sun was shining brightly overhead and the birds were chirping in the trees. He looked about for his bow and quiver. He picked them up and found that they were decaying, falling in pieces from his hand. He whistled for his dog but all in vain. Looking down at his feet he saw a heap of white bones. This was the skeleton of his dog. Then he noticed his buckskin hunting shirt was decaying and hanging in tatters on him. His hair had grown so long that it hung to his knees. Bewildered and looking about, he started for the top of the hill where the evening before he had seen the smoke curling from the pale-faces' settlement below. He was astonished when he saw spread out in the valley below a great city. Seeing many great changes, he decided not to go into the city but to turn homeward. He traveled for many days through farms, villages, and towns. At last he reached the bank of the mighty "Father of Waters." Here he found the pale-faces had built a great city where he had once launched his canoe and crossed this great body of water. After crossing the stream he found that the pale-faces had gone a long way beyond it. He traveled many days before he reached the wilderness. Many moons had passed before he came upon the remnant of his people, but no more a powerful tribe as he had left them. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were dead. No one knew the poor old warrior who had suddenly appeared among them.

For awhile he stayed with them but he was not contented, so one day he was seen going toward the setting sun, never to be heard of again. It is supposed that Yellow Bear went to the Happy Hunting Ground to be with the Great Spirit.

Wrong Doings of a Pale-Face Soldier

In the Civil War Days there lived a man by the name of Jeff Whitt who realized that Uncle Sam needed his services so he joined the army. He was in Sheridan's march from Atlanta to the sea. During their march the soldiers became very tired and the shadows of darkness were falling fast.

As they came near the stream the captain said to his soldiers, "We shall camp here for the night." They built a fire, prepared their supper and then ate it. The tired soldiers readied themselves for a night's repose and were soon in dreamland.

The captain awoke at the break of day. He aroused his soldiers saying, "We must get our breakfast and then prepare for our journey." In a moment's time all of the soldiers were busy performing their duties about the camp. All were cheerful, but were not entirely rested from their long journey. They ate their breakfast and as the soldiers began to break camp several of them looked down into the peaceful valley. They saw a large Indian village where the Indians were busy with their work. A few women had gone to the creek. All were getting water but one fat squaw, and she was washing her clothes in the creek.

Among the soldiers was a sharp-shooter and he liked to use his gun. He said to Jeff Whitt, "Watch me pick off that fat squaw and tumble her into the creek."

Whitt said to him, "Do not shoot her."

The sharpshooter replied, "Why not?"

Whitt said, "You shall have all these Indians after us."

"I am not afraid. I will take my gun and shoot all of the Indians before they get me," said the sharpshooter.

Whitt said, "You had better not shoot the squaw. She is not harming you." At this time the man pulled up his gun, sighted and shot. Sure enough the Indian woman tumbled into the creek.

The captain, hearing the shooting, came quickly to find out what had happened. The captain said, "We are in for it now! Soon a number of Indians will be here." All of the soldiers were called to attention by the captain. Then he said, "What soldier or soldiers saw the shooting?"

Jeff Whitt spoke up and said, "I did." He related the story and told how he pleaded with the sharpshooter not to kill the Indian woman who was washing her clothes.

The captain replied, looking at the murderer, "You have committed a wrong deed. This is cold-blooded murder. You shouldn't have been so cruel. Soon you shall see the chief and some of his Indians coming up here. We shall do what we can for you, but if the chief demands you because of your wrong-doing we shall have to give you up in order to save our own lives."

The Indian women at the creek had given the alarm in the Indian village. The chief with three braves came to the creek and examined the wounded woman, the location, and the angle from which the bullet came. One of the braves went back to the village and ordered five ponies to be brought to the chief. Then the chief and the three Indians mounted their ponies and started for the pale-faces' camp. As the captain looked down through the hills he could see the Chief and three Indian men on their ponies heading for his camp. They were leading a riderless pony behind them.

The captain said to his soldiers, "The Chief and his braves are coming!"

As they reached the camp the Chief signalled to the captain and he in turn signalled back.

The chief said to the Captain, "One of your men shot and killed one of my Indian women who was washing her clothes in the creek and she tumbled into the water. We know it must be one of your men for she was shot in the back. My men were on the opposite side of the creek!"

The captain asked, "Are you sure it is one of my men?"

"Yes," the chief replied, "My men could not have done it for they were facing her. She was shot in the back so it had to be one of your men. Give us the man who killed our squaw and we will be satisfied."

The captain knew what would happen if he refused to give the sharpshooter to the chief. He called the man over to the chief and said, "Here is the man that you want!"

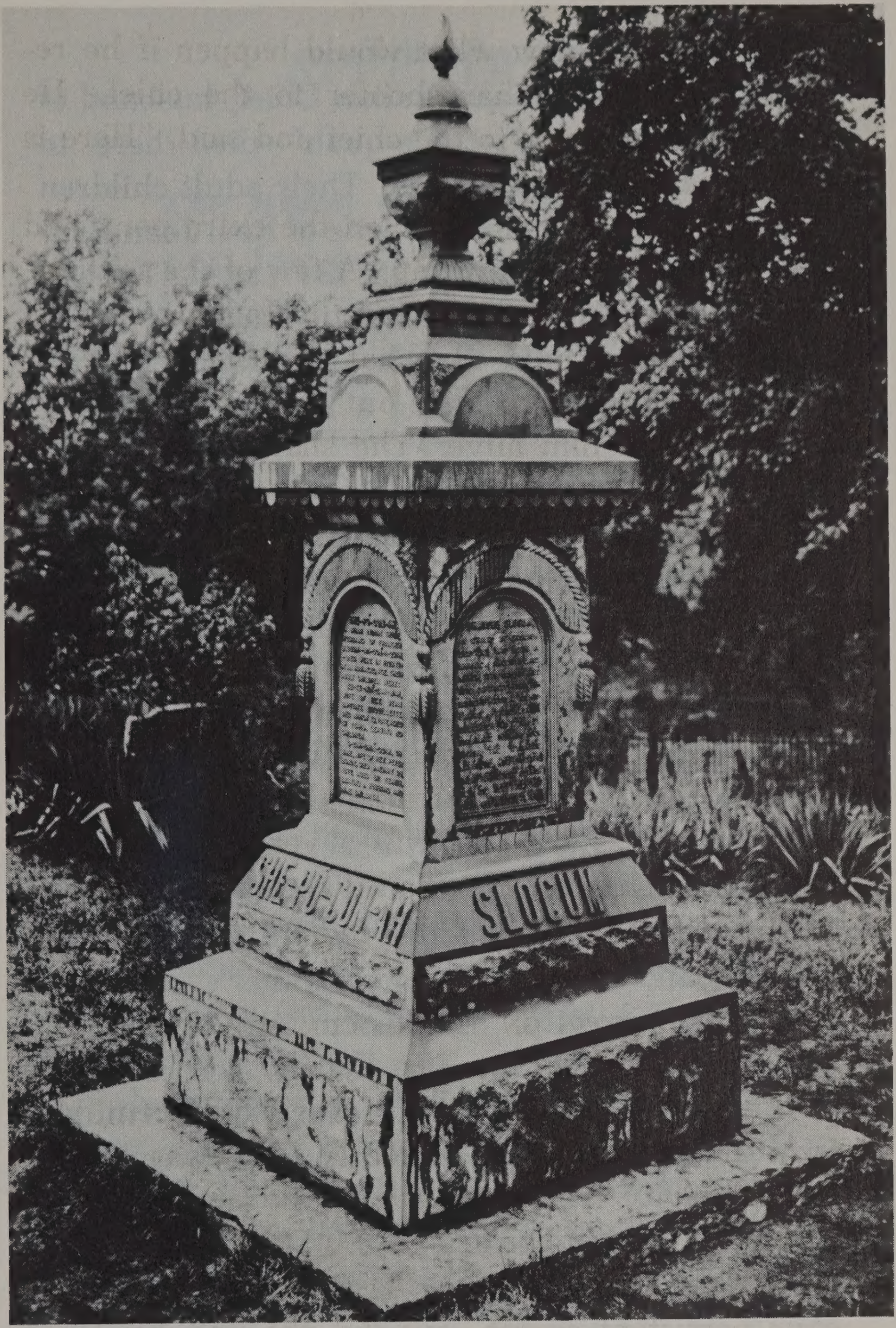
The Indians tied the man on the extra pony and took him back to their camp. A few of the soldiers, including Jeff Whitt, followed the Indians and the soldier so they could see what happened. The Indians stretched the soldier out on four stakes and began to skin him alive. The sharpshooter yelled for help but Jeff Whitt and his friends dared not try to help their comrade. Since they could not do any thing for the soldier they retreated to where they could not hear the man's screaming. After a while when everything was quiet they went back down to their look-out spot to see what the Indians were doing to their friend. A fire had been built and the Indians were burning the soldier.

Jeff Whitt said, "This was a very cruel way to die but the sharpshooter had it coming to him. He should never have shot the Indian woman in the first place!"

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE SLOCUM MONUMENT

On the East Face:

"Frances Slocum, a child of English descent, was born in Warwick, R.I., March 4, 1773, was carried into captivity from her father's house at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. November 2, 1778 by Delaware Indians, soon after the Wyoming Massacre. Her brothers gave persistent search, but did not find her until September 21st, 1837"


SHE-PO-CON-AH
SLOCUM

Slocum Monument

On the South Face:

"She-po-con-ah, Miami Indian Chief, husband of Frances Slocum—'Ma-con-a-quah'—died here in 1833 (?) at an advanced age. Their adult children were: 'Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah,' wife of Rev. Jean Baptiste Brouillette, died March 13, 1847, aged 47 years, leaving no children; 'O-zah-shin-quah,' or Jane, wife of the Rev. Peter Bonda, died January 25th, 1877, aged 62 years, leaving a husband and nine children."

On the North Face:

"When inclined by a public letter describing an aged white woman in the Indian village here, two brothers and a sister visited this place, they identified her. She lived near here about 32 years with the Indian name 'Ma-con-a-quah.' She died on the Ridge March 9th, 1847 and was given a Christian burial."

On the West Face:

"Frances Slocum became a stranger to her mother tongue. She became a stranger to her brethren, and an alien to her mother's children, through her captivity. (See Psalm lxix, 8)"

"This monument was erected by the Slocums and others who deemed it a pleasure to contribute, and was unveiled by them with public ceremonies May 17, 1900."

APPENDIX

The Miami Indian Language

In the next few years there will be but a very few people who can speak the original Miami Indian language. The vocabulary of the Miamis was not very great, probably containing not over six hundred or eight hundred words, but it was all they needed in their savage life. They did not use all these words in ordinary conversation; they possibly used no more than one hundred in common conversation. There are only a handful of people in this area who can speak and understand the Miami language. A few white people can understand the language but they do not speak it very well.

The Miamis seem to have had a language that was distinct and independent of that of all other tribes. It was very changeable, indeed, as all unwritten languages are. Those who speak it today could not have understood the language as it was spoken a century ago.

The language was very imperfect as one might suppose. The noun, the verb, and the adjective were about the only parts of speech used. The pronoun is very imperfect. The preposition and the adverb are, for the most part, included in the verb, as is sometimes the pronoun. The order of the words is something like the language of continental

Europe, the verb coming at the end of the sentence. It would be very easy to learn to translate the language, but quite difficult to speak, mainly on accent. For example:

We-lah m-so-la an-ge-hot (He killed a deer.) We-lah means a man, any man. There is no word for he as in our English language, and there are no articles as in the Latin. An-ge-hot is the verb meaning killed.

Na-ha-ti-hot do-pol-ia na-peak (A good warrior died.)

Na-min-o-gish m-so-ling ya-jick (They went down the river in a canoe.) Down the river is expressed by one word, na-min-o-gish. Words like this are very common in the Miami language. One word expresses an idea that in our language would take a phrase or clause to express. The Miami Indians, having only three parts of speech in their language, are often compelled to use more words than we. Therefore, their words are not so full of meaning, nor are they as valuable or capable of different shades of meaning. It would take five or six of their words to express what the word *manipulation* does in our language.

Following is a list of Miami Indian words and their English equivalents which Chief Clarence Godfroy uses when he is putting on Miami Indian programs for the public.

English	*Miami*
God	Ma nat too
Man	Lan yah

Woman	Me tam sah
Boy	Que we sah
Girl or maid	Kwa nes wah
Infant or child	Pe lo saw
Father, my	No saw
Mother, my	Nin ge ah
Son, my	Nen gue sah
Wife, my	Ne we wah
Daughter, my	Ne taw nah
Brother, my	Ne saw sah
Sister, my oldest	Ne me sah
Sister, my youngest	Ne she mah
An Indian	Me to san ah
A White man	She mal san
Head	Dah pe con
Hair	Weel sah
Beard	Me se taw baw kaw naw ha
Ear	Tan waw kea
Eye	Ken chee kwe
Nose	Ke waw ne
Mouth	Tow na
Tongue	We law ne
Tooth	We pe ta
Neck	Kwa kaw na
Arm	Ne che waw
Shoulder	Tal yah
Hand	Na ke ma
Foot	Ne cot ta
Town	Me non tan
House	We ke aw mw
Chief	Ke mawth
Friend	Ne kaw no
Gun	Pe quan e
Knife	Mawl se
Flint	We pe ta
Devil	Ma nat to ah

Boat	M so la
Shoe	Me ke sin
Coat	Ke naw pe na gohn
Pipe	Pwaw kaw naw
Tobacco	Sam wah
Heaven	Pa min ge ah
Sun	Keel swaw
Moon	Pe kon dek keel swaw
Star	Lon gwawh
Day	Kaw ke kwa
Bark	Loc ke we
Tree	Ta wa na
Goose	Pec e sah
Gosling	Pac e sa zah
Duck	She ship
Pup	Lam wah des sah
Dog	Lam wah
Chicken	Pe lash wah
Wild Turkey	Naw law kah pe law wah
Chipmunk	Quang sah
Snake	Ka nah pa quah
Coon	As ce pon
Panther	Ke no zah
Rabbit	We pon zo ah
Squirrel	Ne quah
Owl	Meen de gaw
Fish	Ke ko na saw
Bird	Wes sees yah
Feather	Saw waw gaw te ah
Fly	O che aw
Cow	La nos wah
Horse	Na kat a cosh
Wolf	Mo wah wah
Bear	Mo kwaw
Fat	We lin we
Meat	We o sa

Flour	No ke me na
Flower	Pa kot ta ke
Silver	We pak sho la
Rock	Son ne
Forest	Taw no naw ke we
Hill	E pa ta cak
River	Se ke we
Lake	Ne pe se
Ice	I sho ko ne
Water	Na pe
Fire	Ko tah wa
Hail	Me ze kwaw
Snow	Me nat wah
Rain	Pe te lon we
Thunder	Ching gwe ah
Lightning	Pon pon da wash
Wind	Lam thain we
Morning	Se i pow we
Night	Pe kon da wash
Blue Racer	E ke poc cah pe kees
Rattlesnake	She she queh
Arrow	We pe ma
Bow	Me tap o pa
Spring	Te king gom e
Creek	Ma chock cah mese
River	Se pe we
Horseshoe	Kep cot twich cosh
Bread	Quah e cohn
Corn	Meen jip
Potatoes	Pan eek
Eggs	Wah wah
Wheat	No kim min
Walk	Pam bol lat
Run	Mam me quit
Laugh	Cah wah lit
Suicide	Ang tok we yawh

Jump	Amb sot
Fight	Mah coo lot
Love	Tap a lot
Hate	Shan ge la wah lo not
Beautiful	Pac kah
Round	Wahl we ouk lo not
He, she, or it	We hah
We	Me lo na
Us	Ke lo na
They	Wee lo wah
Forest or woods	Me tek kyah
Blowing Snow	Town ne com quah
Medicine	Me da wa
Horse	Ot a koosh
Indian	To san
It does not show	Pul la euh
To make a cracking noise	Kok to wha nun
The first snow	Nah wa kah mo kwa
Lying crooked	Wah shin gah
Setting sun	Kil se kwa
Running water place	Tah king gah me oon gi
Big body or Big frame,	Man je kyah or Ma je ni ca
A white, bright stream	Wa bah shik ki*
Falling Water	Na mah chis sin wi**

* "Wa bah shik ki" means a bright, white stream. The bottom of the river is composed mostly of limestone. Even when the sun shines upon the water the stream appears clear and the rock has a white appearance which gives the stream a pure, bright, clear look. This is the reason the Miamis called the river Wah bah shik ki which was later shortened to Wabash River.

** "Na mah chis sin wi" means a downward slope with a great fall in the river which gives it a swift current. It was called Falling Waters by the Miami Indians. The word Mississinewa is partly derived from this Miami Indian word, "Na mah chis sin wi."

Black partridge	Ma kah ta pa ke
Black bird	Ma kah ta pe na she
Looking glass	Wau ban see
Sitting quiet	To pen i ba
Making a noise	Chan tun oon gi
Listening	No ta wa
Indiana potato	A pe kon it
Snapping turtle	At che pong
Egg	Wah we
Sleepy	Ken ton gah
To strike or Striking	Pe cong gah
Woods or Forest	Mek kah
White man's farm	She mai ah
Always a farm	Ka ki kee
Some farm	A yah wah
Good enough farm	E go e gog
Stock farm	A chi can

The Lord's Prayer in Miami Indian Language as Told by Chief Clarence Godfroy

Na-wah-nassah-ti-lassah-yweh-lium
Al-Kilson-twaf-sah natisli-Kial-wilah
Ka-I-nil-olis-chiana-ticwa
Ka-I-giya Na-Ka-Kailh-No-wa-fash
Tway-wa-a-on-oh twaha
Nocow-wa-qe-on once-In-toc-sacco we-oce-nocel-in
Wach a not-ic notic-mil on-nich-I-anach cow walch.

Indian Names We Use Every Day

"They have left their names upon your streams,
And you'll never wash them out."
Mrs. Sigourney.

The American Indian is still with us every day in our language. He has given us most of our state names; rivers, lakes and crowded cities bear names which have been given by the Red Man.

MIAMI has the meaning—all beavers—all friends—men. This tribe was first mentioned in history at Green Bay, Wisconsin, in the early 18th century. Later they came into Michigan, Indiana, eastern Illinois and western Ohio and held possession of much of that territory. In the late 1700's and early 1800's the Potawatomi tribe pushed their way down from the north and took much of the area north of the Wabash and Eel Rivers.

Wabash, meaning white water or white rocks.
Mississinewa—much fall in the river.
Salamonie—blood root from which yellow paint was produced.
Kankakee—low, swampy country.
Ke-na-po-co-mo-co—Eel, or snake fish.
Maumee, same name as Miami.
Mississippi, Father of Waters.
Missouri, the people of long canoes.
Minnesota, sky-tinted waters.
Michigan, great water.
Kekionga, Fort Wayne—clipped hair.
Wakarusa, hip deep in mud.
Shipshewanna, large beast or lion.
Mishawaka, country of dead trees.
Chicago, place of wild onions, bad smell.
Illinois, men.
Indiana, land of the Indians.
Nappanee, flour mill.

Oswego, flowing out, outlet of Lake Tippecanoe.
Tippecanoe (Ke-tap-e-kon) buffalo fish.
Topeka, potatoes.
Ohio, beautiful.
Manitou, spirit.
Muncie, people of the stony country.
Monon, to carry or "tote."
Mesquabuck, copper.
Maxinkuckee, Big Stone Country.
Menominee, wild rice people.
Manhattan, island.
Calumet, body of deep still water.

Some Ancestral Generations of Chief Clarence Godfroy

Godfrey of Bouillon, King of Jerusalem 1099— in the First Crusade. His mother was the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine. Henry IV made Godfrey Duke of Lorraine. Three brothers, descendants of this Godfrey came to America and it is believed that Clarence Godfroy can claim direct descent here. One came west named Jobiah.

Clarence —	Peter —	Gabriel —	Francis —	Jacques
Godfroy	Godfroy	Godfroy	Godfroy	Godfroy
/	/	/	/	/
Mary	Louisia	Elizabeth —	Jane (Slocum)—	Frances Slocum
Clarke	Avaline		Wap-shin-wah	Shepoconah

Frances Slocum (March 4, 1773—March 9, 1847).

Daughter of Jonathan and Ruth Slocum of Wyoming Valley, Pa.

Clarence Godfroy was born in Miami County, Indiana, near Peru on October 4, 1880. Frances was captured Nov. 2, 1778; was found by her relatives Sept. 22, 1837 on the Mississinewa River in Indiana.

Some Names of Indians

Ague-nack-que, father of Little Turtle, signed Treaty of 1748.

Mi-shi-kin-noq-kwa (Little Turtle), who defeated three American armies (1747-1812). Winger claims him to be the greatest of American Indians.

Pe-che (Wild Cat), John B., Richardville—Chief, 1812-1841.

Pa-lonz-wa, Francis Godfroy (1788-1840), Last War Chief. Signed Treaty, 1838.

Ma-con-a-quah, Frances Slocum (1773-1847), wife of She-po-co-nah. (Little Bear Woman).

She-po-co-nah (Deaf Man), husband of Frances Slocum.

Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, their daughter Nancy, wife of Rev. Jean B. Brouillette.

O-zah-shin-quah, another daughter, wife of Rev. Peter Bundy.

Wah-pah-nah-ki-kah-owah, (White Blossom) Gabriel Godfroy.

Ka-pah-pwah, Clarence Godfroy, (Looking out over-vision) author of these stories.

To-pe-ah (Frost on the Bushes), Francis LaFontaine.

Mon-je-ni-kyah (Majenica), a Miami Chief—name means "big body."

Ku-wa-ze (Coesse), means "old man," a Miami chief.

Kil-so-kwa (Sun Woman), granddaughter of Little Turtle.

Wah-pi-mon-gwah (White Loon), son of Kilsoquah.

O-sah-mo-mee (Blood Root), name of Le Gros, (Lagro) a Miami Chief.

Me-shin-go-me-shia (Burr oak tree), Last Tribal chief of the Miamis.

O-sce-o-la (White drink), chief of the Seminoles.

Pa-pa-kee-chi (Flat Belly), Indian chief, brother of Wa-wa-see.

Wa-wa-see (Full Moon), Indian Chief who signed many treaties.

Te-cum-seh (Shooting Star), War Chief of the Shawnees.

Tems-kwa-ta-wa (One who keeps open door), brother of Tecumseh.

Wi-no-na (First born child), same as the Wenonah of Hiawatha, from the Sioux.

Wi-na-mac (Catfish), a Potawatomi Indian chief.

Ko-ko-mo (The diver), a Thorntown, Indiana, chief.

Me-te-ah (Kiss me), A Potawatomi chief. McCoy calls him Meteor.

Indian History

The *Indian trail* wound through the woods,
O'er prairie, hill and dale,
Below the mount, above the floods,
Around the gulch and dale;
Along the high dividing ridge
Where gurgling streams arose,
By shallow ford or rocky bridge,
To watch their wily foes.

The *wigwam* stood through ages past
  Amidst the forest scenes,
Or near the lakes or prairies vast,
  With broad and sunny sheen;
The *missionary* came and shared
  The shelter of the wild,
And fared as his red brother fared—
  The forest's native child.

Next came *the tent*—like snowy swan,
  Pitched for a single night—
Of *bold explorer,* who at dawn
  Again took up his flight.
And then *the hunter* built his camp
  Near valley, stream or bay;
At night the wood fire was his lamp,
  The sun his guide by day.

Ere long *the treaty-making power*
  And chieftains had "a talk";
Soon after, *the surveyor's corps*
  Trailed on their weary walk.
And when the Indians had grown tame
  The "squatter" claimed his home;
At length *the thrifty settler* came
  To build a prouder "dome."

Horace P. Biddle's
American Boyhood.

The Indian Farewell in Sign Language

May the Great Spirit—(two fingers in V shape in motion in air)

Be in your heart—(right hand over the heart)

As He has been in the past—(right thumb over right shoulder)

As He is now—(both arms extended side ways)

So may He always be with you on the long trail ahead—(right index finger pointing upward and ahead).

(Contributed by L. W. Shultz).

Looking Out Over

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